

Chapter One: Chocolate

Alexandra Quinn Potter turned the wet, metallic lever to the right to shut off the running water. Reaching her wet arm out around the curtain, her hand ventured on the soft pink towel on the rack. Pulling it toward her she started to dry off, while citrus smelling shampoo overwhelmed her smelling senses.

Her relatives where out for the day, taking Dudley to one of his action filled movies and dinner afterward at a fancy restaurant, no doubt. They were weary leaving her home alone in their clean house, but after a few, long minutes, Alex convinced them to leave her home to do chores.

And she finished them, leaving her to take a much needed shower.

The only negative to bathing was Petunia's awful decorating schemes. In the shower she had to look at the flower pattered shower floor, the rugs, towels, and curtains were all a disgusting pink shade to go with that bright yellow painting on the wall. Alex shivered in horror and revolution. If she ever had a house to herself, the décor would be dark/warm colors, and definitely no flowers or pink.

She gave a loud out take of breath as she tied the towel across her blossomed chest and faced the mirror. She had grown into a very beautiful, young woman, yet she never really looked in the mirror or paid attention to how she looked. Alexandra was considered a slight tom-boy and when she was younger it was even worse.

Bright emerald eyes studied her appearance. Gone was the girl who had a curly, short afro and dorky, broken glasses. Now her raven black hair fell down to her armpits in very glossy loose curls. Her eyebrows arched finely over her large, expressive, green eyes. With a perfect shaped nose, her full, light pink lips puckered to herself in the mirror. Her lighting scar was almost white against her summer tan and unblemished skin.

In the past her body was just a thin stick but now she had womanly curves that showed off her petite frame.... she knew she was small, but a part of her wanted to be tall, like 6 feet. But it was a very tall dream for her 5'4".

Overall she was stunning, beautiful... an ugly duckling to a white swan as Malfoy already generously retorted to her... just refusing to speak the white swan part. Jeering and mocking comments were always thrown her way by him.

She sighed and started to brush her pearly white teeth. Alex didn't have to worry about him this year though... unwanted tears sprang to her eyes as she thought back to the end of her 6th year. She told herself she wasn't going to think about that.

She threw her toothbrush down and walked heavily over to her small room to change into her over-sized clothes. She vowed to avenge Dumbledore's death to all Snape, Malfoy, and Voldemort lives.

This year she would search the globe for all the Horcrux's with her best friend and boyfriend, Hermione and Ron.

After pulling up her pants, she gathered her curly locks into a messy bun and sat next to her trunk at the foot of her bed. A smile settled on her usual frowning face. Her two friends were her shining light in this dark world. Ron and her just recently started dating last year, but Alex knew it wouldn't last long. Ron was in a hormonal stage right now, and Alex *hated* people touching her, sexually. She was self conscious of her body and the thought of others pressed up against her made her gag.

She knew she had more urgent problems to take care of. She had to concentrate with her magical powers and the conquering of Voldemort. Maybe after she could settle down with someone. *Maybe*.

Over the summer she had looked in many books, which Ron was horrified at, and she found a talent she wanted to possess. Or rather two of them. Shadow walking. It would be dead useful and she was willing to try her hardest once she turned of age.

Yet there was another gift she wanted to expand, wandless magic. Not many witches and wizards possessed the gift, but she remembered her outburst's of magic here and there. Of course many underage wizards had accidental magic, but hers were more...severe. Unfortunately, when she was practicing wandless magic, nothing happened. Not even a spark of light.

The book said to find her 'inner core', hell, she tried non-stop to find her core and nothing but the insides of her eyelids showed up.

She wished Sirius or Dumbledore where here.

"Errr!" She let out a loud growl, and threw a book across the room. She had *nothing* to do in this house besides clean, and read.

She paused in her thoughts. That chocolate covered donut did look rather good downstairs. With a smirk that look very Slytherin she went downstairs, ready to hunt for her prey.

--TRAP--

"What *are* you doing?" The shrill voice of Aunt Petunia yelled through the kitchen, where Alex was sitting on the counter, devouring a donut.

A smudge of chocolate landed on her bottom lip as she stared open mouthed at her aunt, uncle, and cousin who had just entered the house. She didn't even hear them coming in.

Her green eyes went to Dudley, who was eyeing the rest of the donut in hunger, and back to the pastry in her hand. Making her mind up, she shoved the rest of it in her mouth before her cousin could demand the rest.

"Iwashungry." She responded back at her aunt. Unfortunately that only made the women even more furious that she had food in her mouth while talking. A very unlady like thing to do.

Damn. The dry and thick food went down her throat in a very bad way, what she needed was a large glass of milk.

A choking sound issued from her Uncle and Alex watched in fascination as his face turned an unnatural hue of purple, and his mustache was twitching. "Out. Go to your room!" Alex flinched and looked at the refrigerator longingly. This incident reminded her of that commercial on T.V. about needing a Coke... or was it a Pepsi?

"Now." Alex jumped off the counter and looked back at the fridge.

"Cant I jest get a glass of mi-,"

"MOVE!" With a start, she ran past them up the stairs with her aunt telling her husband that they should have never let her stay home for the summer.

Alex sighed as she shut the bedroom door. When was this summer going to end? She looked over to the calender and noticed the black cross over August 4th. Before she could count down the days, a large thump sounded behind her.

She jumped and turned her head to a formal looking owl who was perched at her desk with a package. Wondering who it was from, she opened the letter only to come face to face with familiar swooping writing.

Alexandra,

If you are reading this then you know I have passed on. I don't want you dwelling on my death, my dear. I was already on my way when I foolishly touched the horcrux with my bare fingers. But enough of that, I am in a better place.

I have written you today to bring you somewhere far from here. It is only a short time, but I would like for you to relax and enjoy your time. The necklace in the box is a portkey to your destination. Do not touch it until you are ready to go. Bring your wand, money and school things; you do not need to tell anyone that you are going away, you will be back shortly.

Don't worry, I wont send you somewhere awful. This is vacation, time to do things your way. When you arrive to your destination, there will be a man there and he will explain more to you.

Take care, my dear, and do not blame Severus for my death, he did everything I asked him to do.

With love,

Albus Dumbledore.

Alex stood there, shocked at what she just read. Dumbledore didn't blame Snape? And how did he know he was going to kill him?

She shook her head, she didn't wasn't to think about that right now. A vacation. She had never been on one, but it sounded so nice. Perhaps a sunny week at the beach? Or maybe the mountains? She knew she shouldn't trust this note, or idea, but somewhere inside of her knew that this was Dumbledore.

She looked at the necklace box, then jumped into action.

About ten minutes later she had already packed her trunk and gave Hedwig as much feed as she had, and dressed in better fit clothing. Muggle because she had no idea where Dumbledore was taking her.

With her wand in her back pocket and a money sack in her trunk, she lifted the lid to the necklace and her eyebrows rose at the sight.

It was a silver necklace with a sparkling emerald diamond on it. Usually she didn't gush out on jewelry but this was beautiful. With trembling fingers, she grabbed the necklace, feeling the familiar sensation behind her navel.

Chapter 2: The Year 1944

With a hard thud, she landed on her arse on a stone floor. “Ah, Miss Potter, it is splendid to finally see you.” Alex froze, that voice sounded oddly familiar, could it be? It was impossible.

Her large eyes slid up to the man who greeted her and her guess was correct.

“Pro- Professor Dumbledore?” But the man looked... younger. Much younger. And the room she was in looked like Professor McGonagal’s office...but different. Her confused expression must have showed on her face, for Dumbledore’s blue eyes twinkled.

“I gather you received a letter from me in response of a little vacation?” Waiting for a dumbfounded nod he continued.

“It so happens you are in the past.” Alex made a sound in her throat as she stood up and made her way toward the desk that stood between herself and the younger Dumbledore.

“But time travel, that is impossible! Except a short period of time, by time-turners, but not *this* far back in... in?” She looked over at the young Dumbledore in question.

“1944.” Alex’s mouth dropped open in shock.

“I have worked on a device that would bring you back in time for a short while. Everything you do here will be erased on the witch and wizard’s mind after you go back in your own time.” Alex was processing the words as her mouth frowned.

“So what is the point of bringing me here when everyone will just forget me anyway?” Dumbledore smiled that damned knowing smile that Alex had grown to love and hate at the same time.

“This is just a vacation for you, my dear. You can be just Alexandra and forget about Alex Potter for awhile before you go back and play your role once again.” Alex tilted her head to the side, causing a rebellious curl to pop out of her bun.

“Go back? How do I go back? Do I just close my eyes and tap my heels three times? And *pop* I’m back?” With a long finger, Dumbledore pointed to the necklace clutched in her hand.

“Keep that on; it will bring you back when it is time. It is very important that you leave that on, if you miss the ride back to your time, you are stuck here forever.” Alex hummed and quickly put on the necklace, fully knowing that she would *never* remove it. Many things were swinging through her head right now...

“How though? How do you know me when I’m from the future? How did you know I would be coming today?” Her green eyes locked with twinkling blue eyes.

“Aw, I have my ways.” She waited for more of an answer, but she was sorely mistaken. Her teeth gnashed together as she gave a smile at the old man. Yes she did feel bad about the death of Dumbledore, but right now he was getting on her last nerves, and it had only been about five minutes in his company.

With great effort she took a deep intake of breath and let it out slowly. She should be glad Dumbledore did all this for her, and she was.

“Alas, women don’t wear pants often in this time. No matter, you will be wearing your school uniform most the time, and I took the liberty of going shopping for you. I got your clothing articles, books, and other necessities, and you have brought some of your other personal belongings.” He paused and gave her a smile. “You will find your belongings in the 6th year girls Gryffindor dorms. Since the students will be arriving today, you will be sorted in your house along with all the other first years.” Alex nodded, processing all the information giving, but immediately frowned.

“6th year? I’m going into my 7th though.” Dumbledore smiled warmly.

“Ah, but you are not seventeen in 1944 as of yet. And this is September 1st; and it seems in this Alternate Universe it skipped your birthday. So you will have to live your 6th year over again, but I have a feeling you won’t mind too much.” A smile came over her face. She wouldn’t have to study as hard since she would know most of the curriculum from last year.

“Other than that, yours set. Let me just tell you a few things about this time that might be different from yours.” Seeing the serious expression on his face, Alex frowned.

“The women here are considered many levels beneath men. They are bred to be perfect wives and mothers, and are to be able to host parties. They wear skirts...” He paused looking again at her jeans.

“So overall they are bred for men’s uses?” Alex mumbled. She was red in the face and it was not by embarrassment.

“So you want me to act like a mindless... *powder puff*?” Dumbledore chuckled and leaned back in his chair.

“No child, I’m telling you the opposite. Go out for Quidditch, wear pants, be the top of your class, talk out of turn... just act yourself. Besides, no one will remember you once you return to your time.” She thought this over and smirked. This would be fun.

“Alright sir, thank you.” Dumbledore’s eyes twinkled as he waved off the thanks.

“No trouble, Ms. Hershey.” Alex’s eyes widened at that and gave a small smile.

“I’m guessing you’ve recently tried the muggle kiss, am I right?” Dumbledore’s old laugh filled the classroom as he took out the bag of Hershey’s Kisses.

“They are absolutely wonderful! Would you care for one?” He held out a silver wrapped candy and Alex accepted it graciously.

Popping it in her mouth, she sucked it for a while, loving the melting chocolate filling her mouth.

“If no one will remember me after all this, why can’t I use the last name, Potter?” She watched as he unwrapped the candy, nodding approvingly at her question.

“There are other Potter’s in this world, and it will cause such a headache if they get wind of a new Potter showing up at Hogwarts.

You don't mind, do you?" Alex shook her head, not being able to talk with the chocolate staining her teeth.

"Good. Come to my office at 6:30 tonight, by then I would have explained it all to Headmaster Dippet and you will be sorted then. In the mean time, you can go through your new stuff in the Gryffindor common room. The password is 'brave soul'.

"Welcome to 1944, Ms. Alexandra Hershey."

--TRAP--

Tom Marvolo Riddle looked out the window at the passing scenery on the train; he was on his way to his 7th and last year at Hogwarts, his home for the past 7 years.

This summer had been an... eventful time. His unique blue eyes looked down at his Slytherin ring, glittering up at him. He couldn't help as a smirk lit up his face as he remembered those events. His grandparents and bastard of a father's screams still rang in his ears. Ever since he had found out about his parentage and being the heir to Slytherin, he had wanted to torture those who had betrayed him. And he had to admit that he did an excellent job at framing his uncle. The man was a disgrace of the Slytherin name, it was better that he was rotting away in a cell in Azkaban.

The best thing about all this was that no one suspected him. He was the star-student, Head Boy, teacher's favorite and an orphan after all. Maybe that fool Dumbledore might have a hunch, but that was all he could have. He just had to wait awhile and then he would be the most powerful wizard in history, Lord Voldemort. No one would look down at him, nor pity him.

He needed to find more about Horcruxes but other than that he had good chances of succeeding with his *friends*, power, and looks. The friend part was a bunch of dung; he didn't nor need 'friends' He just needed people to feed out of his hands and some money on occasions.

His power rolled off him in seducing waves, making people want to follow him in whatever he did.

As far as his looks, well he was handsome and he knew it. He changed over the summer quite nicely. Gone with the baby fat and in replace was a thinner body and face with higher cheekbones and his black, shiny, hair grew slightly, causing hair to go in his gorgeous eyes. His black school robes hung on him in the right places with a gold, shining, badge on his chest that read HB.

Before he could get deeper in his thoughts, the compartment door opened and his *best mate*, Edwin Flint, came strutting in. His usually long hair was pulled neatly back, but now it was like a bird's nest.

Tom's hand jerked toward his wand in aggravation. He couldn't stand this man's presence, but at least he was pureblood, in his last year in Hogwarts, and rich.

Inside, Tom sneered in disgust at the send of sex coming off his friend.

"Who was it this time, Edwin?" Dark brown eyes looked up at Tom and smirked.

"Blithe Verity, great shag." Tom shook his head and opened his trunk up to grab a book. Maybe if he started to read the man would get the hint and shut up.

No such luck.

"Hey, Tom! Don't even look disgusted with me. You have shagged twice as many girls than me." Tom gave a charming smile and shrugged.

"Women are so easy." Edwin chuckled and started to fix his tie and hair.

"You got that right. It helps when girls fall head over heels for you when you give them your smile." He paused for a moment and watched Tom pull out a charms book. "Are you and Brenda Marigold going out yet? Or are you just shagging each other once a week still?"

Tom smirked; Brenda Marigold was a 7th year Slytherin who had a tall and slim figure with gold hair and blue eyes. She was a slut who grew popular with being around Tom.

Every girl's envy.

"The last one. Although I might cut down this year, she's getting too loose for my tastes." Edwin winced and laughed.

"Ouch! I want to see her face when she hears that." Tom gave a smirk and went to his book. He had enough talk of sex; after all, it was just something to pass the time with.

--

"Mr. Riddle! Mr. Riddle, can I speak with you up in the Headmaster's office, please?" Tom looked over at the voice and inwardly shivered with displeasure. It was Professor Pinker, the Care of Magical Creatures Professor who was smutted with him.

Putting on his charming smile, Tom bid his friends a farewell and followed... or rather led the way to the Headmaster's office with the Professor behind his back.

--TRAP--

Alex was sweating and yanking down her skirt from her school uniform. Her skirt seemed too short, and her socks seemed too low. She took a deep breath, but ended up pulling at her curl behind her right ear. That was one of her biggest habits when she was nervous.

Why was she nervous? She had absolutely no idea. It could be that she would be the center of attention for a while... or the fact that Tom fucking Riddle was at school during this time! She had just realized that when she was in the Gryffindor Common room.

Why the hell did Dumbledore send her in this time? Alex tugged her strand of curly hair and pouted. Not only Tom Riddle was in this time, but also women here were ditzy and had no mind for themselves, AND she hardly had *any* money for anything after spending some money at the village. Maybe she could get a job at Hogsemede?

Her green eyes looked around her at the side chamber where she was instructed to wait until someone fetched her. It was the same as the one back at her time... just less trophies.

"Ms. Hershey? If you could just follow me please? The sorting is about to start." Professor Dumbledore ushered her through the door.

The last thought she had before exiting was, *"I'm going to be myself here."*

--

The Great Hall was full of students talking loudly to each other about their summer holidays, with bent, black, wizarding hats on their heads. And there was Alexandra, standing last in line with the first years.

She could feel stares boring into her, but she paid no heed. She did however notice Tom Riddle was nowhere in sight. That made her heart jump for joy, until she spotted a younger version of Professor Slughorn sitting at the teacher's table.

"Welcome students to another year of Hogwarts. I'm afraid Headmaster Dippet and Professor Pinker are currently absent, so I'll continue on with the sorting." After all the first years went, Alex noticed there were fewer girls than boys and she started to get slightly angry.

Didn't these people know Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff were women?

"Before we go on with the feast, I would like to introduce you to a new 6th year student, Alexandra Hershey." Alex grimaced as his enthusiastic voice filled the hall and polite claps echoed in her ears.

She sat on the stool and a newer hat dropped over her head.

"Hmm, Alex Potter, it's nice to meet you again. I see Slytherin would fit you greatly-,"

"No! Absolutely not! Not with Tom Riddle in the house."

Chapter 3: A Girl for a Seeker?

Thanks to my beta: DarkCrimsonFlame3!

"Hmmm, Alex Potter, its nice to meet you again. I see Slytherin would fit you greatly-,"

"No! Absolutely not! Not with Tom Riddle in-,"

"Ms. Potter, you didn't let me finish. Slytherin would do greatly for you, but in this time I would stick with,

"Gryffindor!" She smiled and headed toward her table, but she faltered when she had no idea where to sit.

Just as she was about to sit with the scared first year, she heard a high-pitched voice.

"Alex! Come sit over here!" The stares on her were making her slightly annoyed. She had finally gotten away from being the Girl-Who-Lived, and now she was the New-Girl-At-Hogwarts.

A smirk came across her face as she stepped closer to the fake blonde ushering her over. She was on vacation right now and she didn't give a damn if she didn't have any friends, she was just going to act how she wanted- showing all these girls and boys that she wasn't going to be a sleazy slut.

She sat gracefully down on the bench and faced her new housemates.

"Hi Alex! My name is Brinley Rusti and this is Chavi Sheffron, your new room mates." Alex nodded over at Chavi, her 'new' roommate. She was Asian with straight, pitch-black hair down to her waist. She was pretty but her image was distorted with the thick make-up plastered on her eyelids.

Alex herself just wore black mascara and skin colored eyeliner/eye shadow, simple, but pretty. She didn't see reason why she had to cover up her face with a mask. She assumed that 1944 was a big year for the make-up...she shrugged. Before she had laid eyes on the

occupants of the great hall, she naively thought back to corsets. Boy, she was wrong.

Her green eyes turned back to Brinley, and almost blushed in embarrassment on how Brinley was showing the wrong impression of women. Her skin was leather looking and her top buttons of her robe were opened showing a very large cleavage.

Honestly

“Nice to meet you.” Alex replied sweetly and scowled when Brinley gave a loud squeal.

“I know we are going to be such good friends! I love your skin color; I wish my skin were naturally tan! And your eyes, they are... well, an odd color. I haven’t seen anyone with green eyes like yours.” Alex raised an eyebrow in disgust.

She loved her eyes... it was the only thing she received from her mother. It didn’t help that Chavi was nodding in agreement.

A chuckle was heard from her left and she turned coming face to face with a girl with a shocking appearance. Instead of blonde hair, this young woman had dyed black hair with a blue shimmer, a black choker around her neck, her skin was bone white, yellow cat eyes, crimson lipstick, and her sleeves of her uniform were cut off showing off her small frame full of muggle and wizard tattoos covering her arms.

To add to her gothic look, she had an earring on her lip and eyebrow. Alex’s green eyes slowly slid up the girl’s form until her eyes met with laughing yellow.

“Sorry I couldn’t help to laugh. Those two are as ditzy as they come, and you see too smart to become ‘the best of friends’ with them.” She held out a hand toward Alex. “The names Godiva Ramsey, and I love your eye color by the way, it brings out your will of magic.” Alex didn’t know whether to be insulted or grateful that she complimented Alex on something, but other than Godiva’s appearance, she had this...aura around her that Alex liked.

“Alex P- Hershey. Are you in 6th year also?” Godiva gave a nod and glanced toward the two girls on the other side of Alex.

“Unfortunately.” Alex glanced at Chavi and Brinley to see them giving snide glances at the two.

“You don’t want to associate with the mudblood freak, Alex. We can help you meet a lot of people.” Alex was aware of many people glancing in her direction, but she gave them no heed and glared at Brinley.

“I’m a mudblood too, Brinley. Does that mean I’m a freak? As far as meeting some of your friends, I think I’ll decline; saving my attention to people other than pit stops for men.” Brinley glared fiercely at Alex while Chavi frowned in confusion, not understanding what Alex had just said.

Laughter around the table erupted and Brinley stabbed at her dinner angrily.

“That was good, Alex. I have been wanting to say that to her for six years.” Alex looked around at all the boys glancing in her direction with interest, but turned her attention on Godiva.

“Why haven’t you?” Alex asked her while Godiva just shrugged and bit into a dinner roll.

“A lot of guys like that she is easy. They all want to have ‘fun’ before their parents betroth them to someone for the rest of their lives.” Alex frowned in disgust and Godiva nodded.

“I know it’s sickening. Most muggleborns aren’t so..easy. But he, for example, is one of the phoniest guys I have ever seen. All the teachers and students are blinded toward his poor orphan act and his charming side. I wouldn’t be surprised if he has slept with all the women in Hogwarts.” Alex raised her eyebrows at the Goth.

“Who’s that?” Her yellow cat-like-eyes nodded toward the entrance doors at a tall, thin man around 6’3”. His raven colored hair fell straight in his teal eyes and his cheekbones were pronounced on his face. It was then when Alex realized who the man was.

Tom Marvolo Riddle.

It didn't surprise her at all that he was a playboy, and a phony. According to what Dumbledore said, Tom was a considered a charming man to everyone in his childhood, someone who played on others feelings to get what he wanted. *'He didn't need nor want friends'* that was Dumbledore's words.

Her disgust and anger must have come through, for Godiva continued,

"Yeah, I know, pathetic isn't he?" She watched him sit at the Slytherin table, greeting his friends while a tall, golden haired girl latched on his arm and giggled like a hyena.

"That is Brenda Marigold. The Slytherin Queen. Her and Riddle always go off and on. Don't let her ditzy looks fool you; she can be a real threat sometimes." It was that time when Riddle's unique blue eyes locked with her vivid, Slytherin green.

Anger flushed to her face and she sneered at Riddle when he gave her a smile full of white teeth.

She looked down at her plate of mushrooms and stabbed one with her fork causing multiple people to jump at her *un-lady* like action.

I hate Dumbledore!

How could he send her to a place with a young Lord Voldemort?

--TMRAQP--

"So it's settled then? We'll have three dances this year; a begging of the year dance, Halloween Ball, and Christmas?" Headmaster Dippet asked both the Head Girl and Boy.

Pipa Harrison, the pureblood Ravenclaw, nodded and Tom Riddle gave a nod of approval, but inside he hissed in annoyance.

More bloody dances.

"Now that we have that settled, we can go to the welcoming feast." He paused and looked at the both of them. "Unless any of you have more concerns or suggestions?" Tom perked up in his chair and cleared his throat.

"Actually, Headmaster, I've been thinking about doing a dueling tournament this year." He added an innocent smile and the Headmaster caved in and laughed.

"That sounds like a great idea, Tom. With the threat of Grindelwald, the students could learn from a dueling club, or in your case, a tournament. I'll have the teachers start one up. And perhaps you would be generous and help setting it up?" Tom gave a nod of enthusiasm while he headed toward the door.

"I'll be glad to, Headmaster. Thank you." He made his way down to the Great Hall, knowing that a Dueling Tournament would be a great way to study the students for possible allies.

"Did you want another trophy on the shelf, Riddle?" Pipa scowled over at her schoolmate in disgust. Riddle was just an arrogant student... but she could feel his powerful- but dangerous aura. Something about the Slytherin sent chills go up and down her spine.

He turned his dark turquoise eyes toward her and gave a charming smile.

"I think you're still jealous that I received a higher OWL test score, Harrison. How is your fiancé these days?" He was mocking her, but she just smiled sweetly.

"Addison is doing great, thank you for asking. And how is your girlfriend, Marigold?" Tom sneered and hissed toward the Ravenclaw.

"She's *not* my girlfriend." Before she could respond back, they reached the Great Hall and separated.

"Tom! I thought you were hurt or something. Are you okay?" Tom looked down at the women attached at his arm.

To many men, she was considered hot with long, blonde, wavy hair and blue eyes... but the more Tom got to know her the more he noticed how...un-unique she was, and how big of front teeth she had.

"No, the Headmaster wanted to talk with Harrison and I about some of the events happening this year." He nodded toward his 'friends' and flinched when Brenda squealed and tightened her hold on his arm.

Oh, Slytherin, how he would like point his wand at her and...

"Dances? Please say we have a dance this year, Tommy." Tom scowled at the name she insisted on calling him, even after he specifically told her to shut the bloody hell up. He promised himself that when he didn't need her anymore, he would kill her... preferably slowly and painfully. But than again he wouldn't want to hear her high-pitched voice.

"Actually we have three this year." She started laughing like a hyena and sat up, flicking her long hair behind her shoulder.

"We are going to look so cute together. I have the perfect dress to wear."

Edward Flint cleared his throat and steered the conversation away from Brenda.

"Did you see the new girl? She's *hot*." Tom looked around the hall and didn't catch anyone that was considered new, unless he counted the first years. But surely Edward didn't think any eleven years old was...*hot*.

"She's in Gryffindor." Finally he locked eyes with Slytherin green.

No she wasn't hot, she was beautiful...unique. If he ever imagined a consort beside him, she was the ideal image.

She looked one-hundred-percent Slytherin, despite the scarlet and gold that stood out on her uniform.

Her black, curly hair was knotted back in a messy bun, something that wasn't often seen in this time... both the color, texture, and style.

Her skin was a darker shade and glowed radiantly in the candle light, and despite being a man he knew it wasn't a tan she spent days on achieving like some of these other... girls here at Hogwarts.

Her eyes were her most winning quality. They were large and almond shape, showing off her every emotion and better yet, they were green... a vivid green. *Avada Kadavra*.

He shook himself out of his daze and gave her his winning smile. No doubt she would be like all the other women and blush like an idiot.

He watched as her cheeks blushed, but it wasn't from attraction, but anger.

Interesting...

His eyes swept toward Godiva Ramsey and knew that mudblood freak was to blame for. No matter, he would have the new girl eating out of his palm in no time.

"She's a good looking. I wouldn't mind sharing my bed with her, even if she's a mudblood." Tom's eyes swiveled toward the speaker. Rodney Dolohov, a 6th year. He despised Gryffindors with a burning hatred.

Many of the Slytherins looked over her way and looked away uninterested while others nodded in agreement. Tom didn't know why, but that bothered him like no other.

The girls were looking over at the new girl with jealous eyes, and Brenda looked at Tom and mistook his sneer, for disgust, and cuddled her head against his chest.

"She looks like a small girl going into her 3rd year, doesn't she, Tommy?"

Slytherins turned to look at their leader's response and Tom knew why. If he agreed with Brenda, the Slytherins had the right to go after

the new girl and if he denied, he had claim on her. A smirk fell in place. He had trained them perfectly.

"I don't know, Marigold," His voice was cold as he moved her head away from him. "She looks decent to me." He watched in satisfaction as the Slytherin's faces fell and averted their eyes away from Riddle's claim.

A few dared to keep their gazes toward the Gryffindor table.

--TMRAQP--

"Oh! Tom Riddle is looking right at me!" Brinley straightened out her uniform and stuck her chest out even more.

Alex looked up at the pre-Dark Lord to see him looking at her, not at Brinley.

"Brinley, you are so lucky. You went out with him last year for awhile, maybe he wants you again!" Chavi gushed, excitedly.

"Wants you for another mindless shag you mean." Alex muttered.

Despite the fact she said it quietly, half the table heard and all the guys started laughing. One in particular leaned over and stuck his hand out to her.

"It's nice to meet you Alex. My name is Addison Clayborne, 7th year and Captain of the Quidditch team." He was handsome looking with brown hair and brown eyes; he seemed the type of person to warm up to many people.

"It's a pleasure to meet you Addison." She shook his hand, but was surprised when he brought her knuckles up to his lips and kissed.

She didn't blush but gave him a small smile.

"Quidditch you say? Do you have any Seeker openings?" The table went silent and both boys and girls were looking at her as if she grew a second head.

Out of nowhere a dinner roll came flying threw the air straight toward Alex's face. Using her quick reflexes, she caught it with her right hand.

"I'd say she has a pretty good chance to make the team." She looked up to see a tall, well muscular man. His hair was a dark brown and his eyes were a stunning gray.

His smile was addicting, causing Alex to smile back like a small girl with a crush.

"Grover Harrison- 6th year, Ravenclaw... chaser on the Quidditch team." Alex pulled at her curl behind her right ear and smiled at the way people introduced themselves around here... she gave it a shot.

"Alex Hershey, 6th year Gryffindor, and hopefully Seeker this coming year." Grover laughed and pulled her hand toward his lips.

"It's a pleasure, Ms. Hershey." His gray eyes locked with her green and someone cleared their throat, causing Grover to come out of his daze.

"Snap out of it lover boy. Is there a reason you came over here? Or did you want to make a fool of yourself in front of Alex?" Grover smirked one last time at Alex and turned his attention toward Addison.

"We have to set up plans for the wedding before my sister takes over."

Godiva leaned toward Alex to explain what Grover just said.

"Addison Clayborne and Pipa Harrison, Grover's older sister, are engaged. I have to admit, they are a great couple. She's Head Girl from Ravenclaw. Really pretty." Godiva nodded toward a girl with short brown hair and a large smile.

Just like her brother Alex thought with a smile.

After dinner the Headmaster dismissed everyone to bed after giving a welcoming back speech. She caught Tom Riddle's eyes before she made her way up to the Gryffindor tower and he went his way down to the dungeons.

Despite the fact that Lord Voldemort was in this time, she had a feeling this was going to be a great vacation.

CHAPTER 4: Riddle's Mask Disappears... For A Moment.

"Bloody hell, Alex, wake up!" Alex's eyes shot open and saw Godiva running around the dorm room in her baw and underwear.

"Wh-What is it?" Chavi and Brinley were no where in sight.

"Those whores shut my alarm charm off! Class started ten minutes ago!" Alex's heart skipped a beat and narrowed her eyes toward the two empty beds.

Pay back was a bitch.

She got up and threw her uniform on and slopped a small amount of make up on. She was done before Godiva, who was pilling on her dark make-up and her cut off sleeves to her uniform showed her tattoos.

"Do you have our schedules?" She could've went on without Godiva if the girl had her schedule, but she had to remember that she was supposed to be 'new' to this school and she didn't know her way around.

"No- the Head Boy and Head Girl pass them out at breakfast. I think Pipa Harrison stays in the Great Hall until all the schedules are passed out." Alex heaved a breath of relief, at least she wouldn't have to see Tom Riddle anytime soon.

"You have beautiful hair, Alex." Alex looked in the mirror seeing her hair fall in loose silky curls down to the middle of her back.

She shrugged and muttered a 'thank you' to Godiva. She didn't really think she was pretty- or her hair beautiful; those things just didn't matter to her. After living years of being around males, her appearance didn't seem important.

"Are you almost ready?" She looked over at Godiva, who was putting her final touches of lipstick, and Alex really looked at her for the first time.

Godiva's eyes were a beautiful brown color before she charmed her eyes the cat-like-yellow, but before she changed them, Alex caught a glimpse of eyes that saw too much for such a young life; like her own eyes. It was then when Alex was curious on Godiva's past. She wouldn't push her for answers, but trust would play an important role in finding out about Godiva.

"Ready?" Alex blinked and nodded, following her roommate out the dorm room and toward the Great Hall.

--TMRAQP--

To Alex's horror, Godiva was wrong. The Head Girl wasn't there- no one was, except for the Head Boy.

Tom Bloody Riddle

Godiva was probably thinking the same thing, because she gripped her book bag and scowled at the figure who was sitting upon the Slytherin table, with his legs crossed. He was studying a piece of parchment.

Upon hearing Godiva's moan of distress, Tom's head shot up and he quickly put the parchment underneath another one and stood up. She wondered what he was reading, but would find out soon, since he was heading their way with the parchment in hand... their schedules. He was studying the schedules.

Alex made her face emotionless, like how she'd been practicing this summer, when she noticed Riddle 'received' his Marvolo's ring already. She wondered how many other people he had killed or planned to.

As he got closer, she did notice he was slightly handsome... in a dark way. He was tall... and thin. His eyes... they were a turquoise color, very vivid and noticeable. But *that* did not mean he had any positive points with her.

Tom frowned at the two late-comers and turned his heated gaze on Godiva.

"Your very late, Ramsey. 20 points from Gryffindor for not being responsible and getting up on time." His shocking turquoise eyes glanced at Alex and she almost gagged on her own tongue as he gave her a one of his phony smiles.

"But of course your not to be blamed, Ms. Hershey. Ramsey here should have taken more care of you." Alex gnashed her teeth together as the man who haunted her for years, offered his hand to her.

She shook his hand, letting go fast enough before he could bring her knuckles close enough to his puckering lips.

"Pleasure." She responded coldly.

She could see Godiva shift uncomfortably on her feet and Alex realized she was afraid of Riddle. *That was unusual.* She turned her green eyes back to Riddle and gave a fake smile, making sure he knew it was fake.

"Tom... Riley, was it?" Riddle's smile widened as he looked down at her in interest.

"Tom Riddle, Alexandra."

"Yes, Tom Riddle, let me tell you something. I might be new here, but I'm not stupid. I'm sev-sixteen, and I can take care of myself, and Godiva here is not my mother. So if you could just give us our schedules, we can be on our way."

Riddle lost his snake oil smile, but to her horror he replaced it with a true smile that looked halfway decent... she scowled at her thoughts and at Riddle. Damn, that man... no one, not even Malfoy got under her skin like *he* did.

"I didn't mean to offend you, Alexandra. You certainly don't look like a child to me." His eyes swept her body in a suggestive way and he looked down at the parchments in his hands.

"Ramsey." Handing her the schedule, he paused and studied Alex's... almost if he wasn't looking at it before they came in.

"It looks like I'll be seeing you in some classes, Alexandra." She ripped it out of his hands and turned her heel to exit the hall.

"Ah, Alexandra, you might want the other half of your schedule." Alex stopped in her tracks and looked down at the half ripped parchment, apparently ripping it in half in her haste.

A blush rose to her cheeks and she turned back around grabbing the parchment from the outstretched hand, avoiding the smirking eyes at her back.

Once Godiva and she left the hall, Godiva gave her an understanding smile.

"Don't worry, Tom Riddle always tends to make everyone seem small in his presence." Alex glared at the Gothic girl and looked down at her schedule, mumbling something about '*being tall in his presence*' and then stopped in her tracks yet again.

"I have 7th year classes!" She couldn't believe this. Dumbledore couldn't put her in 7th year, but he could place her in advanced classes? This was *not* part of their agreement.

Godiva looked over her shoulder and gave a snort.

"You never told me you were that smart, *Alexandra*." Alex scowled at the name she used and the Gothic girl laughed out right, her eyes sparkling.

Alex huffed and started walking toward her first lesson, Care of Magical Creatures, regrettably with the Slytherins.

--TMRAQP--

Tom Riddle slowly packed his things back into his bag and made his way after Alexandra Hershey. For being a Mudblood, she had a lot of spirit, something Tom hated and loved at times. She was also a enigma that he *would* solve. People loved to talk about themselves and Tom was sure that Alexandra was no different from the rest.

"I have Transfiguration right now, its on the other side of COMC, but I can show you where your class is." Ramsey's voice sounded hesitant and Tom rolled his eyes.

The girl was already late, what would make the difference if she showed Hershey around? If she was smart enough she could tell Professor Dumbledore that she was showing Alexandra around. It would save her more points for Gryffindor, but alas, the Mudblood wouldn't know the difference between a wart to a tattoo on her arse.

"Ah, no Godiva, I think I'll manage, thank you." Tom smirked. She had a pleasant voice when she wasn't spitting in anger.

It was then when he stepped out of the shadows, "No need to worry, Alexandra, I have COMC right now, I'll show you were it is." She turned around and glared at him with her vivid green eyes. In fact the more he looked at them the more he realized how unique they were.

No one had that color of eyes...it was the same exact shade as Avada Kadavra. He wondered if being close distance to the curse affected the eyes.

Something to look up.

"Don't worry, Riddle, I can find my own way. See you latter Godiva. Just tell Dumbledore you were showing me around." Tom held in his smirk as he watched Ramsey nod as if that were a brilliant idea.

Alex turned her heel and Tom jogged after her. He watched as her jaw tightened and noticed she picked up her pace, ignoring his presence all together... something that no one had ever done to him.

As they came to the door, leading outside, Tom opened the door for Alexandra and he watched in amusement as she paused in her walk, but continued forward.

"Thanks." She mumbled as if she had an inner battle with herself if she should've spoken it out loud. At least she had manners...

"Your welcome, Alexandra." Again, she clenched her teeth.

"Don't call me that." Tom walked directly beside her, following where she was going, not bothering to comment that they were going the wrong way.

"What do you want me to call you then? Quinn?" She turned to look at him with an angry flush on her face. He loved when her cheeks got all rosy....

"How did you know my middle name?" Tom smiled and lifted his chin arrogantly.

"I dug up all your secrets and memorized every last one." He saw her face pale and she stared at him in disbelief.

A chuckle sounded through his throat. "It's on your time table, Quinn." Alexandra gave him a mocking smile and snorted... a sound he never heard out of a woman before.

"I knew that." Tom looked ahead as they walked toward the Forbidden Forest.

"Did something happen to you this morning? Is that why your acting like you've just swallowed a lemon?" He gave her a glance and saw her glaring at him, a spark in her beautiful eyes.

"My, I didn't know you had a sense of humor. Even if it is poor." Alex grumbled and Tom shrugged.

"I didn't know either. I'm just stating the obvious." Alex scoffed and stopped in her tracks as she realized that there was no Care of Magical Creature's class ahead of her.

"Why didn't you tell me I was going the wrong way?" Tom sighed as he flashed a brilliant smile towards Alex.

"I wanted to spend some extra time in your...charming presence." Alex growled and Tom laughed out right.

"For a woman, you sure make a lot of interesting sounds." Color splashed her cheeks *again*.

Recovering her dignity she tossed her head. "I'm sorry. Do you want me to walk around like most the other Hogwarts girls?." Tom blinked and gave a small smirk.

It seemed like he was wrong about Alex. She wasn't like the other girls at Hogwarts, or anyone for that matter. She was... interesting, funny, *beautiful*, and came back with her own insults just as quick as they came to her.

Instead of seeing her as a mindless toy that he would enjoy playing with, he saw her as his ideal consort. Why not? Once he got to know her better he could court her... although at the moment she was a very angry person, at something or another. And something seemed different about her. He couldn't put a finger on it yet.

She was the only one out of a very few who saw beneath his mask, something only a strong minded person could do. He wouldn't make a strong move just yet, but he would gently pry forth in her life.

He paused in his thoughts.

Lets not go that far, Tom.

"So, where did you go to school before coming here? It must've been a good school, since you have some 7th year classes already." She shifted and Tom narrowed his eyes. Whatever was going to come out of her mouth was a lie.

"I was tutored." His eyebrows shot up, excellent liar if he wasn't a master Legilimency.

"Hershey. You're a muggleborn though, aren't you? Your parents-,"

"Are dead. I live with my Aunt and Uncle." *That was true.*

"And what is your Uncle and Aunts surname?" She heaved her bag on her shoulder and gave him that Slytherin glower of hers.

"What is this? Twenty questions?" Tom tried not to sneer, but it was useless.

"I'm just curious. You don't have to be such a *prat*." Just like that Alex watched as Riddle's mask fell in a hiss, but something nagged inside her at being such a... bitchy person. She wasn't used to throwing harsh comments at other people, but this was Tom Riddle, AKA, Lord Voldemort.

She was doing the right thing. *Right?*

Her green eyes watched as he walked at a faster pace ahead of her, and sighed. The humid air hit her and the heavy burden of her hair got to her. She quickly took a binder from her bag and knotted it up at the nape of her neck, leaving a few short curly strands to dangle here and there.

With a heavy heart, she ran after the tall, slim form of Voldemort.

"Look, I'm sorry. I guess I heard some bad things about you from people and assumed you were an arrogant person." *Which he is...* she thought silently to herself as Riddle turned back around to survey her.

He took a few steps toward her and she stood her ground, chin held up high. Towering over her, he tilted his head, making his black hair cover his right turquoise eye as he gave her a chilling smirk.

"Is that really why, Alexandra?" He paused but continued, "No matter, lets start over, shall we? No judgment with our character until we get to know each other better. I'm afraid I labeled you as a... what where your words again? Ah yes, 'a mindless whore.' Which clearly your not." He held out his hand and Alex tugged at the curl behind her ear and studied Riddle's face.

What would it hurt? He would forget all about her when she left this time and in the mean time she could learn more about his character.

Meeting his eyes squarely on, she gave a smirk making Riddle blink. "And no masks." Her voice was cool to her own ears and she watched as Tom kept out his hand and scoffed.

"What mask?" He watched as she frowned and started walking away.

She truly was something special. Something he *wanted* and would have.

His fingers curled around her small wrist and pulled her toward him, loving the shocked expression in her eyes. Putting her soft knuckles up to his lips, not quite kissing them, spoke in his silkiest voice he could manage.

“Tom Marvolo Riddle and you are?” She grinned and tilted her own head to the side; it was amusing to see Riddle try to seduce her.

“Alexandra Quinn Pott-,” She quickly recovered. “Hershey, but my friends call me Alex.” Tom stored her slip of tongue in the back of his mind.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Alex.” He purred and kissed her knuckles, his eyes never leaving hers.

Pulling out of his hold, she started walking again, wondering if she made the right decision. No matter, she would keep her distance from him and observe from the sidelines.

CHAPTER 5: Egyptian Parselmouth

“Mr. Riddle! I thought something had happened to you. You’ve never been late.” Alex came into seeing distance of the COMC class and looked over at the speaker and held in a laugh.

It was no doubt the Professor, but what the bloody hell was she wearing? It was pink with purple and yellow lace. It kind of reminded her of Aunt Petunia’s bathroom rolled in one.

She saw everyone’s eyes go in between her and Riddle and she stood her ground. She was used to the attention she had gotten at her time in Hogwarts, why was this any different.

A large hand placed its self on her lower back and she didn’t feel the normal queasiness of being touched by a male. No, that wasn’t a good thing, this was Lord Voldemort.

“Sorry Professor Pinker, I was just escorting Ms. Hershey to her class.” At seeing her confused expression, Tom tightened his hold on Alex’s small waist in annoyance. “She’s a new student.” He elaborated, and the woman’s brown eyes widened and she gave a warming smile toward Alex.

“Welcome to Hogwarts, Ms. Hershey. I’m sure you’ll love it here.” She went on blabbing on how she would love it, but Alex was too distracted to listen. Riddle started guiding her over to the Slytherin section, without her consent.

A trio of girls were sneering at her and giving her a glare that she thought was rather weak, for a Slytherin that it. The leader of the trio was that tall blonde she remembered as Brenda Marigold, the one that Riddle goes out with on and off.

“Alex!” her head whipped to the side to see the 7th year Gryffindor, Addison Clayborne motioning her to come over to him and the other Gryffindor’s.

Anything was better than getting in between Riddle and his... girlfriend. She easily escaped Riddle’s hold and trotted over to Addison, ignoring the Dark Lord’s eyes on her back.

Addison smiled at her and rolled his eyes when he noticed that the Professor was still talking about all the sports, the great food, the nice students and professors that were at Hogwarts.

Alex stood next to the tall Gryffindor and nodded her head as if she were interested in everything Professor Pinker was talking about. The Slytherins on the other hand started to talk over the Professor with their own conversations.

"Is it true your going to try-out for the Quidditch team?" A girl with Gryffindor robes sneered toward Alex and looked her up and down.

Why do girls always look each other up and down? It's like their checking each other out.

Alex shrugged and turned her gaze toward the brunette. "No. I'm going to be *on* the Gryffindor Quidditch team." Her tone was confident and cocky, something that she would have *never* done in her own time back home.

Addison gave a chuckle and thumped Alex on the back, making her step forward to keep her balance. "That's what I like to hear. Some confidence out of you."

"Mr. Clayborne? Ms. Hershey? Thank you for being the first volunteers for the task." Alex looked horrified at the bin that she had no idea what was in it. Somewhere inside of her knew that Professor Pinker was *not* Hagrid, so there should be nothing to worry about.

Laughs and gossip flew around the students as the two Gryffindor's stepped up to the Professor. Tom Riddle was leaning casually against the fence with his arms crossed over his chest, looking lazily at the two... or rather, just Alex.

Taking his Prefect position, Addison cleared his throat and gave an apologetic smile toward the women.

"We are terrible sorry, Professor. It won't happen again, and we are glad to be the first ones to help you out." He paused and looked down at Alex, giving her a quick wink. "Aren't we, Alex?"

She nodded in agreement and looked interestingly at the crate. "Of course."

Professor Pinker's face was sour until the apology Addison had given her, and then it turned into a bright smile.

"Well then, I'm glad you are anxious to meet our first magical creature of the year." Her smile held a dangerous glint that Alex didn't notice before, but how could she notice it before when the woman was dressed in colors that hurt Alex's eyes just by looking at her?

"Meet..." She paused and threw off the purple sheet over the cage in a dramatic motion. What was inside made Alex step backward for a brief moment in shock and disgust.

"Meet the Salamander of Egypt." There were multiple little salamanders in the cage, and they actually looked like them, with wet, black skin and long tails. They were about the size of her palm, but other than that they looked nothing like muggle salamanders.

Instead of four legs they had six with sharp claws on each... foot. Scarlet patterns were laid upon their backs, and a long, bright blue tongue was curled out of their mouth.

"Each one of these little guys has a unique pattern upon their backs that represent a special talent they possess. Their talents range from talking in English to becoming invisible to the human eye. Very fun little creatures." She paused and opened the top door, watching the salamanders scurry around in a fast pace.

"Can anyone name the dangerous trait they have?" No one raised their hand, well no one besides Riddle of course. He was standing so proper with his chin and hand raised, awaiting to answer the question.

"Mr. Riddle?"

"When their blue tongue turns into a yellow shade, that means they are ready to bite their victim, thus, making lethal venom to stun their prey for days." Riddle's eyes met hers in a smug expression and she just rolled her eyes in disgust.

Who really cares that he knows that?

“Excellent answer, Mr. Riddle. Three points awarded to Slytherin.” The Slytherins around him all gave him approved nods and Alex snorted in amusement.

“They act like they won the bloody house cup.” Addison laughed and the Slytherins all glared toward Alex, who in return ignored them completely.

“All right, Ms. Hershey, you first. Grab a salamander and take care of it the rest of the class period.” Alex brushed away a stray curl and stepped up to the crate, her eye was on a certain salamander with unique swirls on its back.

She reached in the cage, but retreated when she heard a blood chilling scream. Whipping her head around, she saw that it was Brenda Marigold, looking at Alex in horror.

“What the bloody hell is your problem?” She snapped at the blonde who had already gotten on her nerves in the first five minutes of meeting her.

“You’re not putting on gloves?” Alex looked at her blankly and blinked stupidly.

“No, is that a problem?” Brenda gave an intake of amused air and flipped her wavy hair over her shoulder, looking at Alex with disgust.

“I guess it doesn’t surprise me in one bit. But not every woman is a tomboy like you.” Brenda smiled sweetly and motioned with her hands for Alex to continue her task.

Alex narrowed her eyes at her and pursed her lips ready to make a comeback, but Addison placed himself between the two girls and put his hands on her shoulders.

“Don’t let her get to you, Alex. Ignore her and she’ll get bored.” Addison’s brown eyes were warm and the Potter heir calmed down... just a bit.

Reaching into the crate, she gently scooped up a small salamander and held it up to eye level. It really was kind of cute. Its eyes were a soft blue, split like a serpents.

“Hello, sssnake ssspeaker. I’ve never met a Parssselmouth before.” Alex’s eyes widened, how did this little guy sense she was a Parselmouth? She met Riddle’s eyes and he pushed off the gate and stood up straighter, looking at Alex with an unreadable face expression.

Did he hear?

“Oh dear, it looks like you picked a salamander who speaks Parselmouth. You can pick another if you wish.” Professor Pinker looked at the salamander in Alex’s hand in barely hidden repulsion.

“Err, that’s alright Professor. It’s cute.” She could feel Riddle’s eyes on her and she didn’t dare to meet them. It didn’t matter that he would forget all about her when she left; it was just the thought of him pressuring her into questions all the time that made her get a headache.

“Alright then, you can settle down over there and study your little creature.” Alex cradled the small reptile and made her way over to the clearing.

For the rest of the class she whispered back and forth to the little guy without anyone knowing. She kept her awareness open and whenever someone came by she stopped talking to it. His name was surprisingly Fern, an odd little name for an Egyptian Salamander.

Too bad she never saw the turquoise eyes watching her from the dark shadows.

Two weeks had passed and Alex was fitting well with this past time in Hogwarts. Her classes were going by fine, and she meet a lot of new people.

Her classes were all 7th year, all except for potions. She had potions with Godiva and Professor Slughorn, unfortunately. But other than that, she was doing fairly well with her grades.

She had met two new people that she hung around constantly with Godiva. Unity Clifton, a 7th year Slytherin who she had hung around with in COMC, and Defense Against the Dark Arts. Unity was pretty smart with shocking red hair and golden eyes. No one really talked with her in Slytherin house because she was a Muggleborn.

And then there was Taylor Lester, a 7th year Ravenclaw. Talk about smart... well considering she was in Ravenclaw was a big hint. Although she was smart, Taylor was a very self-conscious person. She had glasses and she was short and plump. Alex considered her beautiful though, with her long brown hair and navy blue eyes.

Alex had avoided Brenda Marigold and her two lackeys as much as possible. Although she had heard Brenda call Alex and her three friends the 'misfit group' and Alex had slapped her across the face in anger. She had lost Gryffindor 20 points that day, but she was happy despite the consequences.

And Tom Riddle was another whole story. Ever since that day in COMC, he had avoided her at every possible turn. Alex didn't complain though, it was just less work for her. Even if she noticed that he was studying her with those eyes of his.

As far as revenge on Brinley Rusti and Chavi Saffron, her room mates, she was still thinking of a possible plan with Taylor, Godiva, and Unity's help.

The Great Hall was full of chattering students who had just come from their last classes of the week and Alex was sitting at the Ravenclaw table with her trio of friends. She rather liked the Ravenclaw house, with Pipa Harrison in it and not to mention her rather handsome brother, Grover Harrison.

Pipa, the Head Girl and the fiancé of Addison Clayborne, was the most natural person Alex had seen in this time. She told it like it is, and she wasn't afraid of what others would think of her. Alex had tried to convince her to try-out for the Ravenclaw Quidditch team, but with

all her Head Girl duties she wouldn't be able to have time. Although she was amused at Alex's attempts to convince her.

Grover on the other hand, was attempting to court Alex into a romantic relationship. He was very handsome, but she didn't know if she wanted a relationship like *that* yet. Not to mention she thought of Ron whenever she leaned toward accepting his advances. She had wondered what he and Hermione were doing at the moment. Dumbledore had told her not to mention anything to them, but how would they react in knowing she wasn't at the Dursley's?

With a moan, she took a spoonful of vanilla ice cream that seemed as it was just freshly made. Whenever desert came around, she would *a/ways* have the vanilla ice cream with just one spoonful of strawberries on top.

"You'll start gaining weight with all that ice cream you eat, Alex." Unity confirmed, smiling when Alex just shrugged and dug back into her ice cream.

"Are you kidding me? Alex eats like a pig and she doesn't even gain one ounce of fat on her." That was Taylor, she was always jealous of Alex's eating habits and not gaining one pound.

"Maybe if you eat what you want, Taylor, you might loose some weight. Not that you're fat or anything." Alex shut her mouth, that didn't sound too good.

Taylor's eyes started to tear up and her glasses slipped down her nose. "No! Taylor, that's not what I meant. I'm just saying that you never eat." Alex threw her two friends a quick, helpless glance, but they gave her an amused look.

"Did you know that if you don't eat, you just gain more weight?" Godiva spoke up, aiding Alex in the situation.

Taylor perked up and looked over at Godiva, the Gryffindor Goth. "Really?"

"Yeah, you just have to eat healthy foods. And award yourself once in a while... like Alex does every ten minutes." Green eyes glared toward Godiva, and the woman just gave her a smile.

"I didn't know you were so funny, Godiva." The black haired Goth was about to respond when her eyes narrowed to a spot behind Alex.

Said witch turned around to find Tom Bloody Riddle behind her. Did she just jinx his absence?

"Good evening, Alexandra." His eyes were locked on her, ignoring everyone else around her.

Alex gave a curt nod and turned back to her ice cream that was starting to melt. Godiva gave a giggle on how she was acting toward him and then stopped when Riddle gave her a fatal glare.

"I suppose your mouth is too stuffed with deserts to form a proper greeting." Alex threw down her spoon and swiveled in her chair, glaring at Riddle.

"And I suppose you just came over here to grace us with your... charming presence. I'm afraid it wore off when you opened your mouth." Alex gave a sweet smile and cocked her head to the side.

Tom Riddle was bloody hot. She couldn't deny that, but he was such an arrogant, Dark Lordy thing, prick. He was standing there with his black hair in his left eye and his eyes were glittering with amusement.

"I know you consider me charming, Alex. But I'm afraid that I'm not here for your pleasure." Alex growled and his eyes sparked dangerously in.... some emotion she couldn't describe.

"Then what are you here for?"

"For my own pleasure, of course. There is a dance coming up next week, and I want you to accompany me." He drew a blood red rose and offered it toward her.

Alex seethed in anger. That was no question that was an order. She was aware of the silence behind her, but she kept her glare on Riddle.

“I’m sorry, but I’m afraid I will have to decline. But I’m sure your overly large ego will accompany you.” Snorts of laughter filled the hall, and some noses of surprise were heard from the ladies who thought Tom was just this prince charming and she was a fool for declining him.

With that she turned back around and ignored the magic crackling in rage behind her from the Dark Lord.

Tom seethed in rage and in surprise. No one, *no one*, ever rejected him. No one, but *her*. The same one that was on his mind for the past two weeks.

He had watched her from the shadows, studying her every move. And he was even more surprised when he first met her on how different she was from everyone else. The magic around her was strong, alive, unused, and it begged her to use it. But she was oblivious to it, turning a deaf ear on it.

He wanted to teach her, to show her how to master her own magic. She would be strong if she would just *listen* to him. Instead they had to bicker back and forth like an old married couple. Although he did enjoy someone with some silver tongue and intelligence to throw words back at him. But really, she didn’t even give him the time of day.

Not to mention he was suspicious of her. Not only does she have the most unusual green eyes, knowledge to skip a year, a cursed scar, but she was also a Parselmouth. And that certain trait was not passed on to *anyone* besides the Slytherin line. But he knew for certain that he was the only Slytherin heir around.

Alexandra Hershey, also known as Alexandra ‘Pott’ (as she once slipped) was a mystery, and he would solve her.

He watched as Grover Harrison and his ‘gang’ started to laugh at him being rejected.

‘No matter’

“Well, if you are going would you save a dance or two for me... *please?*” He watched as she glanced over her shoulder at him, and his heart skipped a beat.

She really is beautiful.

“If I go, yes, perhaps I will squeeze some time in for you. Don’t get your hopes up, though.” Tom smirked and laid down the rose beside her plate.

And she will be mine.

His black Hogwarts robes blew out behind him as he swept away.

A/N: I know there will be some people out there that wont like all these new characters... you think they will take away from Alex and Tom’s relationship, but I will guarantee you that it wont. Her four best friends will be just that... you wont see them together so much. As far as the other characters...

You just need to know who....

Godiva Ramsey- 6th year Gryffindor, best friends with Alex. She’s a gothic with a dark past... you’ll learn a lot more about her later on. Oh, and she has nice amber eyes before she puts in her yellow cat-like contacts in.

Unity Clifton- 7th year Slytherin, she’s Alex’s friend. Smart, red hair, gold eyes, and she is a Muggleborn.

Taylor Lester- 7th year Ravenclaw, she’s very smart, self-conscious, plump, short, brown hair, navy blue eyes with glasses. Halfblood.

Addison Clayborne- Prefect, 7th year Gryffindor, Quidditch Captain, engaged to Pipa Harrison, brown hair, brown eyes... Alex is like his little sister.

Brinley Rusti and Chavi Saffron- Alex’s room mates. You don’t really need to know a lot about them.

Brenda Marigold- 7th year Slytherin, Pureblood with a lot of money. Tom uses her for that. Slutty, platinum blonde hair, blue eyes, she's as tall as Tom.

Pipa Harrison- 7th year Ravenclaw, Head Girl, engaged to Addison Clayborne. Has a brother (Grover Harrison) She's natural. Dark brown hair, grey eyes.

Grover Harrison- 6th year Ravenclaw, likes Alex romantically.... Or does he:D Brown hair and grey eyes. Chaser on the Quidditch team.

AND FINALLY Blake Longbottom- 6th year Gryffindor, self-conscious, plump, everyone makes fun of him and he is uncoordinated. He has golden hair and crystal blue eyes.

A/N 2: Do you think that is a lot? If you do.... Study them! You might get to know them more than I do at the moment.

QUESTION FOR ALL OF YOU! If anyone guesses the correct answer I will give you a chocolate covered Tom Riddle. And maybe I'll throw in an imaginary 50 dollars. (USA money)

What reason did Dumbledore send Alexandra back in time for? Really... I cant tell all of you who got it right.... But I am just curious into knowing what you guys think.

Chapter 6: Giving the Metallic Life

The dark shadow crossing the dark corridor calmly walked toward a stone room on the other side of the room. The figure that cast that shadow was in no way affected with the eerie screams through out the stone, cold manor, or the creatures that peaked out at him as he walked past. A deep hood covered his face as he turned to enter the room that was set up for his own purposes.

Once the figure shut the door and sealed it tightly for security purposes, he made his way over to the tall, stone, table in the middle of the room.

“Are you ready to do this, Tom?” The figure flinched at the name and looked up at his mentor, the very same man that was reeking havoc on the wizarding world presently.

“How many times have I told you I want to be called Voldemort, Lord Grindelwald?” Turquoise eyes looked out from under his hood at the Dark Lord Grindelwald who was shadowed by his own hood in the far corner.

“I will call you Tom until you make a name for yourself. What I’m asking you is if you are ready to split yourself so early. You have recently created a horcrux this summer, is it wise to do it so early? Dumbledore might catch on.” Grindelwald’s voice was harsh with cold emotion, almost a raspy sort of volume.

Tom seethed and placed the silver sword on the stone top. “Dumbledore is always on my case, Lord Grindelwald. Do you know how hard it was to acquire the Gryffindor sword with that old fool’s eyes on me the whole time?”

The golden and ruby gems sparkled up in the dim light, catching the stone with magical patterns.

A cold chuckle filled the room. “I’m sure you swiped it right under his nose, am I correct? You never cease to amaze me, apprentice. You’ll make a wonderful Dark Lord.”

Tom's face was expressionless, but inside he felt warmer. He had always loved attention from his master... well; he never liked the word master. Tom Riddle would *never* have a master.

"Let's get going. I have to be back at Hogwarts shortly with the upcoming *dance*." He spat the word in disgust and caressed the ruby on the hilt of the sword.

"I'm not stopping you."

Tom gave a sharp nod and turned toward the sword laying so innocently on the table. Soon, the sword would contain apart of his soul, making him become the powerful Dark Lord he sought to be once he discovered his heritage.

Last time he did this, he felt no guilt, only excitement on becoming what his grandfather failed to be. But now...

He looked down at the sword and the dagger he had drawn to slice a piece of flesh off his body. Something was nagging him in the stomach. Something or someone.

And it had to do with bright green eyes.

He had not even known her for a long time, but here he was, about to split himself once again and she was making him second guess his idea to immortality. It was not the thought of being sexually attracted to her, no; he was magically attracted to her. Something in her magic made his own Magic flare up in awareness. Her Magic aura around her interested him far more than he would like to admit to.

With a hiss in frustration, Tom Riddle brought the dagger to his opened robe and sliced a piece of flesh from his stomach. He had no time to worry about the pain that had caused him, for he was chanting the most difficult chant in Portuguese.

Green and black swirls of light transferred from him to the piece of metallic on the table. His head tipped back, causing his hood to fall down revealing his turquoise eyes staring blankly at the ceiling. Lips were wide open as if they were forming a silent scream.

The figure of Lord Grindelwald did not move an inch when he saw the scene unfold in front of him. Since he had already witnessed this twice before, he had no concern at all.

The sword on the table shook and stood up on its point with invisible force and then it stopped.

The light swirls stopped.

The silent screaming young man stopped and he fell to the floor.

The body on the floor was unconscious, but the Dark Lord Grindelwald still did not make his way forward. Yet, he watched as a ghostly form of Tom Riddle rose from the solid body on the floor.

The soul did not glance around the room in curiosity, nor did it pay attention to the man in the corner. With a sucking noise, the soul entered the sword and for a moment there was an eerie, green, glow surrounding it.

With a clatter, the sword fell to the table, its metallic gleaming in the light with an innocent wink.

PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK

Alex sat up in bed with a gasp of pain. Her scar had caused her to wake to an unknown cause. She didn't have a dream, or a vision and she didn't think Lord Voldemort was here in this time.

Tom Riddle was, but he had yet to turn into the monster that was back home.

She sighed and went back to sleep. Tomorrow she would have to try-out for the Gryffindor Quidditch team.

PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK

She grabbed a broom from the school shed and looked down at it in horror.

Comet 2?

She had never even heard of that before. Would it be dreadfully slow? She hoped not; she loved Quidditch for the flying and the freedom it granted her.

“Hershey! You coming?” Addison yelled from the middle of the field with his maroon and gold uniform. They were different from her time back home, but really...what did she expect?

She currently had on some trousers, a plain green shirt and her cloak over her outfit. When she went to breakfast that day, most the girls had looked at her like she was crazy. Every girl that is except for Godiva, Unity, Taylor, and Pipa. All four of them were in the stands now, intending to root on Alex.

Running over to the Gryffindor Captain, Addison, she stood amongst the other Gryffindor's that were trying out for Seeker and the other open positions. They were all boys and they towered over her...she tilted up her chin and met their eyes straight on.

She would not be intimidated, *they* were the ones who should be. Especially the ones that were trying out for Seeker.

“Thank you all for coming today. There are two Chaser openings and one for Seeker. All of you will have a fair chance to compete, and I wish you all luck.” With that he turned and walked away, and the people who were trying out all mounted their brooms.

Well, I'd better follow what they're doing.

She mounted her broom and rose up in the air, loving the feeling that had given her. Alex noticed that the players were staying lower to the ground, awaiting orders from the captain that had just mounted his own broom.

“We will narrow down the position of Seeker to four, and for the Chasers, twelve. Each one of you will face the course set up for your position, and I will choose who gets to advance to the mock match. Do you all understand?” Nods were shared around the small group and Alex was ushered over to the set up course for the Seekers.

It was magically set up with small balls moving in the air toward the flier, and some balls were some distance away to see if you could rely on your reflexes.

The first boy up caught four out of twenty.

Terrible.

Alex shuddered. Was it really that hard? It didn't look too hard, but the boy had only caught four. She glanced at the stands toward her friends and noticed Grover Harrison sitting by them. She really didn't have time to dwell on that fact, because she caught a dark figure sitting higher in the stands.

Tom Riddle

His head was in her direction and Alex turned back to the course. What was he doing there? Didn't he bother her enough as it was? She had already agreed on *one* dance with him at the dance...if she even went, so what was he to gain coming here today?

Stop obsessing over the fact he's here, Alex! And get your head in the game...or rather try-out.

Alex whipped her sweaty hands (that were not sweaty before she knew Riddle was here), on her robes. The two other boys in front of her caught ten, and the other caught seventeen. There was finally competition, and she would over pass every last one of those guys.

Before she knew it, her turn was up and she got ready for the small ball to head toward her. She cursed her eyes as they sneakily looked back up at her *friends*, they didn't wonder over to the dark figure that was watching her still...they just looked to see if Grover was watching.

Yeah. That was it.

Whizzing sound was heard and she snatched the ball out of thin air. The first one was relatively easy, compared to the last ten or so. One of them, she had to hand upside down from her broom to catch it, but at least she had caught it...

Twenty out of twenty, a perfect score for Alex Hershey!

She managed to hold in her smug smile as she passed all the boys who were gaping at her from the sidelines. None of them received higher than her.

“Great job, Hershey. I knew it was in you.” Addison came up and clapped her on the back. He had been doing that lately, and Alex wondered if he was thinking of her as his ‘best mate’.

“Thanks.” She settled for the lady-like acceptance, rather than the victory dance she was doing inside.

Later on, she was dressed in pure yellow robes, with a number seven on the back. Yellow really wasn’t her color, but it didn’t affect her as much as it would have if she hadn’t been picked for the final four Seekers.

She was around a boy with the same shade of yellow, who was giving them a pep-talk on the mock match.

Who made him captain?

“And you...just get the Snitch.” The boy pointed to her and she rolled her eyes. Of course she was going to get the Snitch, who else was?

The whistle blew and they rose in the air to their positions.

“GO ALEX!” A blush rose to her cheeks as she heard Unity scream from the stands, and Taylor and Godiva followed her example. She turned her head in their direction and gave a sheepish smile.

Tom Riddle was leaning back and he had his legs spread in an arrogant fashion. His fingernails were up to his face as if he were bored with the prospect of even being there.

“I want a fair game! Begin!” Addison kicked open the chest and all four balls spilled out, flying in opposite directions.

Alex sized up her competition and snorted. The boy may be good at reflexes and such, but he was heavy built and tall. Usually Seekers

are small in build...the only time Alex actually thanked Merlin for her small body. So, she would use her quickness over his slowness.

The game went on for about twenty more minutes until Alex spotted the Snitch. She put on as much speed as possible with the broom and was surprised when she felt it comply with her wishes. The boy followed behind her, but she did as much twists and turns as she could to lose him in the race.

Almost twice she got hit with the Buldger, but successfully avoided them with ease. Reaching out a hand, she closed her fingertips around the gold ball and gave a small whoop of excitement.

"Yellow team wins!" Her team cheered and ran to congratulate her on the amazing catch... all thoughts of her being a girl disappeared.

PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK

"When is your first match?" Unity asked, binding her red hair in a pony like Alex's.

"End of October, around Halloween." Alex responded, half mind on the conversation they were having, and half on watching the small creature in front of her, gnaw on her finger. Unity and she were in COMC, and they were assigned to take care of the creatures that looked like hairless puppies.

Addison had announced that Alex was the new Gryffindor Seeker, and the Gryffindor's had all agreed heartedly on that. Well, the ones that were there during the try-out, but the rest were skeptical on her abilities.

Riddle had escaped the try-outs before Alex could make her way out of the marsh pit surrounding her, but she really didn't care if he left or not. Why did he even come? As far as she knew, Riddle hated Quidditch.

A shadow fell over her and the puppy like creature, causing her to glare at the intruder.

“What do you want, Riddle?” Riddle was standing over her in all his bloody glory. His appearance looked the same charming self, with those half-lidded, dangerous eyes of his looking down at her. But the more she really looked; she saw the exhausted holes in his eyes...something that no normal person would see. No normal person who hasn’t seen such horrifying things as Alex had in her past.

Something was wrong with Riddle, but did she care?

Nope.

“Must you always spit when you talk, Alexandra?” Alex clenched her fists, no matter if Riddle was on the verge of dying; he always got under her skin for unknown reasons.

She stood up, not liking how he could stand over her, only to come up to his collarbone. That didn’t stop her from lifting her chin and glaring at the future Dark Lord.

“Is there a reason you came over here, Riddle?” She would call him ‘Riddle’ as long as he called her ‘Alexandra’.

“Just to remind you that when your go to the ball next week, you owe me a couple dances. I didn’t know how well you were listening on Friday with all those *deserts* clogged in your mouth. It’s amazing that you don’t turn out like that ‘friend’ of yours, Lester, was it?”

Alex’s face turned red from anger. Taylor would have ended up in tears if she had heard that comment.

“Why you-.”

“And of course, I wanted to say-.” He paused, eyes sweeping up and down Alex’s body in an undressing fashion. With his long finger, he slid it down her cheek, leaning his face closer to hers. “Congratulations on becoming Gryffindor Seeker. You were brilliant.”

Without a word, he swept away from her, leaving Alex speechless.

PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK

Sorry about the mistakes in here. I don't have contact with my beta until I get internet at my house. Now I have to go to the library to do things, and I feel rushed with people all over. So yeah. Sorry again.

§Thanks DarkCrimsonFlame3 for putting up with me.

Chapter 7: Longbottom is Taken?

"Look at Longbottom, the dateless, fat arse!" Howling laughter was heard through the halls and Alex stopped behind a pillar and peeked around it.

There were Slytherins surrounding Blake Longbottom, a 6th year Gryffindor. He wasn't that fat...more of a short, plump boy. His hair was blonde and he had chocolate colored eyes.

"Leave me alone." If it wasn't for the slight stutter in his voice, Alex would have guessed that he was strong and confident about himself.

"What's the matter, Longbottom? Are you sad that you can't get a date for the sixth year in the row?" Alex frowned and stepped around the pillar. She could never take it when people made fun of others. It was disgusting.

"Excuse me? Blake has a date for the dance next week." She put up her chin and watched as the men turned to look at her in amusement. Blake himself was looking over at her in barely hidden surprise.

"Really? And who is that?"

Alex gave a smile as she went to stand by Blake's side, taking his arm in hers. The blonde boy was as tall as she was... which was pretty short for a boy.

"Me." She enjoyed watching their faces turn into gaping idiots. Before Blake could say anything stupid, Alex clutched his arm hard and he closed his mouth.

"You? I thought Tom Riddle staked his claim on you the first day of term." Alex's vision swam with red and she hissed through her teeth.

"Riddle is nothing but an arrogant puss. He staked his claim on my disgust the day he introduced himself." She glared at the Slytherins and tugged on Blake's arm. "Come on Blake, let's leave these *boys* alone."

Once they were out of earshot, she let Blake's arm go and continued walking like it was no big deal. Unfortunately, Blake didn't see it that way and pranced after her heels.

"You didn't have to do that. Now I'll look stupid if I go by myself." His voice was so down that Alex stopped in her tracks.

"Go alone? We are going together, Blake. I don't have a date, and neither do you. So why don't we go together?" She gave him her most warming smile and it turned wider when he gave her one in return.

"Are you sure?" With Alex's nod, something inside of Blake snapped into place. "Then I'll pick you up at seven next week in the common room." He leaned over and kissed her on the cheek.

She was too stunned to do anything...she watched him go along and touched her cheek. Alex didn't want him to get the wrong impression; she was only going with him on friendly terms.

But he seemed so happy.

PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK

The week passed and the dance was tonight. Everyone heard that Alex Hershey and Blake Longbottom were going to the dance together. Her friends had given her some teasing, and other students had actually come up to her and asked if it was true.

Grover was angry when he found out, but Alex couldn't bring herself to care. She was doing this for Blake; he deserved someone going with him for once.

She expected Riddle to say some scathing comment about her date, but ever since that day in COMC when he congratulated her on making the Gryffindor team, she hadn't seen nor heard of him. Really... she didn't care if she didn't see him for the rest of her stay here.

As the dance came closer, Alex noticed that Godiva became distant and quiet. The gothic girl hardly met Alex's gaze or started up

conversations anymore, and when the Potter heir tried to ask what was wrong, Godiva coiled within herself and shook her head.

Right now, Alex was standing in front of the mirror in the bathroom in her dorm while her dorm mates were already gone down to the dance. She was running late, but after the harsh argument with Godiva, she had a perfectly good excuse to be late.

Once she zipped up the zipper in the back of her dress, she looked in the mirror and gave a fake smile. She really didn't mind dressing up, but she always thought she was turning into one of *those* girls when she did.

With one last look in the mirror, Alex turned and made her way down the stairs toward Blake Longbottom.

PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK

He took a cup of punch from the far table and sipped at it while looking out at those fools dancing and making a joke out of themselves. They all looked horrible when they were dancing...they weren't graceful or dignified.

Tom sneered and looked down at the red liquid in his crystal cup. He didn't want to go to the dance, but being Head Boy made him committed to attend. Ever since that night a week ago when he had made another horcrux, he had felt tired and unemotional. His feelings were swallowed into a pit of his stomach and were blocked from coming out. One side-effect from splitting ones soul.

He knew it was both good and bad that he was suspended with his emotions for awhile.

For one thing, he didn't feel the betrayal when Alexandra Hershey accepted *Blake Longbottom's* offer to the dance, and not his.

He didn't feel the surprise and pride when *she* made the Gryffindor Quidditch team as Seeker.

He didn't feel the anger when Alexandra outright refused his claim on her in front of his fellow Slytherin classmates.

And after all those emotions came hitting at him just yesterday, he wondered if it was a good or bad thing that he didn't feel those emotions at the time.

One thing was for certain, he had his vulnerable emotions back in full force tonight. Why did he know that? He felt his goddamn breath hitch in his throat when he caught sight of Alexandra Hershey enter the room.

She was beautiful as always. She had more make-up on than usual, but not overly done. Those beautiful, glossy curls were non-existent and her hair fell straight down to the small of her back in a silky curtain. Half her hair was pulled back and clipped with a diamond barrette.

Her dress hung perfectly on her. It was white, with spaghetti straps, and it went down to her calves with a risky slit up to her middle thigh.

Tom set down his cup and slid his eyes over her form as much as possible. He would've preferred her hair falling in those damned curls of hers, and instead of white, she would look stunning in black or dark green.

But she still looked beautiful.

Not at all like those other girls in the Great Hall.

And to set her appearance properly, her Magic was purring in crimson waves around her like a cocoon. Speaks of glitter where sparkling within her aura and they winked at Tom in a seductive way.

Her Magic had always made Tom's perk up in awareness. Without warning, his emerald Magic unfolded from his strong barriers and danced upwards; desperately trying to get the attention of the crimson Magic nearby.

He hissed in annoyance and yanked his Magic down; ignoring the startled looks he received from the passing students. He would *not* flash his Magic like some prostitute for Alex's attention.

Turquoise eyes looked at Alex's joined hands with that lump of a pureblood wizard and they narrowed in disgust. Alex deserved better than *that*. Someone like...him.

"Tom lets dance!" His control took all his effort not to flinch at the high pitched voice that clung to his arm.

Brenda Marigold was his awful date for this bloody dance. She didn't look beautiful like Alexandra did. She wore a black dress that popped her cleavage out like melons. Tom secretly thought that the dress would look ten times better on one midnight haired beauty.

"I'd rather not, Brenda. I told you before we came that we were not a couple. Therefore, I don't want people to get the wrong impression." He really didn't care what other people thought of him, especially these...young, and naive students.

But maybe he did care about *one's* impression...

Marigold huffed and stalked off to find a willing man, and Tom stalked in the shadows, watching *her* from a distance. He couldn't help but to notice how gracefully she moved...and *he* never admitted that about anyone.

PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK

Alex smiled at her friends that greeted her at the Gryffindor table. Music was blaring from the small wizarding band on the stage, and she couldn't help but to acquire a headache from it. Blake was holding her arm in a vice grip and she noticed that he was puffing his chest out in a smug gesture.

Emerald eyes narrowed. If he thought he could show her off as some *prize*, she would stalk out of this god forsaken place. The only thing that made her stay was the dancing. Ever since the Twi Wizarding Tournament, she loved to dance. She just hoped Blake was at least willing like his grandson, Neville.

She noticed Pipa Harrison and Addison Clayborne dancing great together out on the floor and gave a smile. Those two were a perfect couple together...absolutely perfect. She wondered if they would

have any kids together, and if they did, who were they during her time?

Her eyes landed on Marigold who was rubbing herself against a seventh year Slytherin with her large breasts popping out. Alex almost threw up her dinner at the sight. Marigold's eyes weren't on her partner's though. She was looking over at...

Alex turned her head and saw a shadowy figure, leaning against the punch table in the shadows. Tom Riddle, no doubt.

An evil smirk formed her face as she tapped Blake on the arm.

"I'm going to get some punch, do you want some?" The blonde boy looked disappointed and gave a nod.

"Sure. Do you want me to come with you?"

"No, no. I'm capable of getting a cup with some liquid in it. Thank you." With a huff, Alex walked away from her short date and snuck over toward the punch.

She stood next to the tall, slim, figure of Riddle and gave a glance in his direction. He didn't look too dressed up, but if she knew better, she would say he didn't want to be there at all. His hair fell in all directions in a messy way, making his high cheekbones stick out more pronouncedly. His Adams apple jagged out from his thin throat with a silver chain around it. His robes were high collared, simply flowing black.

"Looks like your date is trying to be the first witch to take her clothes off just by dancing." Alex muttered and filled up her small cup with the red liquid. Pieces of strawberry clumped in her cup and she avoided the spraying fluid that came toward her dress.

She could feel Riddle's eyes on her and she picked up a small cut brownie, putting it in her mouth.

"And it looks like you are stuffing your face with chocolate, *yet again*." Alex gave a huff and turned to glare at the tall form. She noticed right

away that his eyes didn't give that haunted glint to them that they had before, now they were glittering with pleasure.

"You probably would to if you weren't watching your figure." She retorted, glancing at his skinny form in a show and back to those other deserts calling her name.

He ignored her comment and turned to look at the plates of food. "Your hair looks better in your natural curls."

Alex's eyes widened in surprise that he was admitting that piece of information, but she didn't turn to look at the man. "Thanks, I'll have to remember to straighten it more often." She was surprised when the man gave a chuckle.

"You always seem to amuse me, Alexandra." There was a hint of something in his voice that she couldn't put a finger on. Yet, she always had trouble reading Riddle.

"And you always seem to annoy the hell out of me, Riddle." She poured another cup for Blake and turned to leave, but a rough hand gripped her elbow. She had to make all sorts of twists and turns just to balance the punch in her hands. When she made sure they weren't going to spill anytime soon, she growled at Riddle and he gave a smirk of satisfaction.

"Fat boy can wait on his drink, Alexandra. I want to dance with you." Alex spluttered when Riddle took her drink from her grasp and placed it on the table.

"Excuse me? Blake is my *date*-,"

"Out of pity. Now, I want to dance." His voice went to husky in just a matter of moments while he placed his arm around her waist possessively.

"E-excuse m-me, T-Tom? Alex is, she's my da-date." Alex whipped her head around to see Blake standing beside Tom, with his chin quivering in fright of Riddle's glare.

“Run along, Longbottom. She only went with you out of pity.” Alex straightened up and went tense when she saw Riddle’s eyes give a sparkle and a smile flew on his face. “Did you *honestly* think she went with you because she...liked you?”

Alex watched as Blake’s chocolate eyes became watery. With a whimper he turned and ran out of the Great Hall.

“Pathetic.” Tom whispered and tugged at Alex’s waist toward the dance floor.

It was rather pathetic of Blake, but she couldn’t suck up the patience to dance with Riddle after what he did.

“That was bloody rude of you, Riddle.” Alex hissed and glared at the man who now wrapped both his hands around her waist.

“You can’t go around school making friends with such weak wizards, Alexandra. Longbottom had to realize that he couldn’t command *me* around.”

She looked up at Riddle with her bright green eyes and shook her head, escaping his embrace. Without a word, she walked out the dance hall and went up to the Gryffindor Common room.

Riddle would always be that arrogant, self-centered, man she always remembered.

She noticed Blake was no where in sight... neither was Godiva. Sighing, she went to sit by the window and took out her diary. She wrote her passage by the light of the full moon.

This chapter was probably the most boring, and poorly written I really like the chapters that are coming up... so stay put if you think this is boring, because it is.

Q.) Oh, is it because he feels guilty for not doing anything? Is it because he lost someone to Voldemort?

A.) No... that isn't why. You are talking about why Dumbledore sent Alexandra back in time right?

Q.) But i can help but feel is a shame that Tom won't remember anything (but it is possible that Voldemort will find out somehow? Hm?)

A.) Is it possible? Yes. Will Voldemort remember? Looks around I cant tell. Its for me to know and you guys to find that out.

Q.) Hmm...maybe so that she'll kill Voldie before Dumbledore's time and it'll be peaceful and all?

A.) Wow... this is probably the closest right answer. Yes, your guess in on the right track... :D SO... so close.

Q.) Maybe because Dumbledore wants Alex to destroy the holocruxes(s?)?

A.) You guys are so close! Presses lips together in order not to squeal out the answer

Q.) Riddle split his soul. For the second or third time?

A.) He split it in three, BUT his soul is divided into four. The Slytherin ring, the Gryffindor sword, and his diary. He split himself twice in a short period of time.

Chapter 8: Back on Track

Alex woke up to the small sound of footsteps across the room. The wood creaked underneath the weight of the person, causing Alex's eyes to snap open. The room had just been touched with the sun's rays, barely even dawn. She gently moved her bed hangings to the side and peeked out. To say she was surprised was an underestimate.

Godiva was limping over to her bed next to Alex's. She had bruises on her face and a deep scratch on her cheek. She looked absolutely terrible. What had happened?

If Alex didn't know any better, she would say Godiva had spent a very *long* night with a man. But Alex *did* know better, and she knew that Godiva never once mentioned any man.

She decided to keep quiet and watched as the gothic girl wiped out on her bed.

Who exactly was Godiva Ramsey?

She was determined to find out.

PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK

The library was packed, and Alex debated on her self if she wanted to go in or not. But there were two people she had to talk to.

Sucking in her courage, she made her way over to her first person. Blake Longbottom. She hadn't seen him at any of the meals today, and she wanted to apologize to him for what *Riddle* said to him.

If only her friends could see her now. Apologizing to someone on the behalf of Voldemort.

He was sitting down near the door, tapping his quill gently against the parchment rolled out in front of him. From the looks of it, it was potions and Alex cursed gently to her self. She had to finish that, or Professor Slughorn would have to talk to her. Something she avoided as much as possible.

“Er, Blake? Could I talk to you?” His chocolate colored eyes looked up at her in surprise and he nodded his head, motioning toward the empty chair beside him.

Not exactly the private spot she had in mind, but she wouldn't complain. Settling down, she took his hand in hers and looked at him eye to eye. She could see people glancing over at them, but she didn't really care.

“I want to apologize about last night. It was wrong of Tom Riddle to say that. Considering he doesn't know the reason why I went to the dance with you.” She watched as he gave a shudder and squeezed her hand. Trying not to flinch at the contact, Alex gave a smile. “I went with you, Blake, because I didn't have a date at the time, and the same went for you. So I took it as it came.” She paused and lowered her voice. “We did only go as friends, you do understand that, don't you?”

Blake gave a sigh and ran his free hand through his hair. “Yes I understand that now, but a silly part of me thought you...actually liked me.”

Alex's stomach dropped in pity. Blake was honestly a nice guy who treated women with respect. If only she could...

A smirk came across her face as she looked at Blake.

“You know what? I think I could set you up with someone, if you want to, that is.” He gave a sharp nod and frowned.

“Who would want to go out with me?” Alex let go of his hand and welcomed the feeling of independence once again. She couldn't *stand* Blake's sweaty hand.

“Taylor Lester, she's a 7th year Ravenclaw.” It was a spur of the moment idea to set those two up, but she had a feeling they would get along greatly. They both needed someone desperately, and why not put the two together?

“Yeah, I've heard about her.” Emerald eyes narrowed at the blush staining Blake's cheeks. It was obvious that Blake *heard* about her.

“Meet me at the Three Broomsticks during Hogsmeade tomorrow. You two can catch up together.” With a nod that looked like his head would snap off, Alex stood up and made her way toward the gothic girl in the corner.

PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK

A hooded figure made his way toward Gringotts wizarding bank, ignoring all the curious stares cast his way. One of these days, those stares would turn from curious to admiration. True, his magic sang around him in seductive waves now, but later on in life he would be the most looked up Lord around.

His black robes flew behind him in a dramatic swirl, and he smirked as a witch ran across the street just to get out of his way. *That’s how it should be.* He stepped inside the white marble building and made his way over to the head Goblin, looking down at him with that pointed nose of his.

“Yes?” Tom seethed, he didn’t like when people, much less a Goblin, spoke to him like some...*child*.

“I would like to withdrawal all of the Marigold fortune into a new vault please.” He tried to hold in a smirk at that.

Brenda Marigold.... what a nice toy he played with for a while. But after last night, he had thrown her away. She had served his purpose. Money and shagging. After Alexandra had stormed out the Hall last night, Tom had grabbed Brenda and shagged her; letting all his frustrations with a certain green-eyed girl, out on her. When she was peacefully sleeping with a mild sleeping charm over her, he had snuck out.

The Goblin gave a smile down at Tom with those razor sharp teeth. “That would require the key to the Marigold vault.” Thinking he had won; the creature sat back down and continued writing.

“Well then, it’s a good thing I have the key, is it not?” He slipped his long fingers into his pocket and withdrew a brass key, never taking his covered eyes off the Goblin.

The Goblin cleared its throat and leaned back forward. "Of course you do. What is the name of the new vault suitor?"

From underneath his hood, turquoise eyes turned scarlet.

"Voldemort. Lord Voldemort."

PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK

She sat next to her gothic friend while putting her book bag on the table. If she was going to sit here, might as well finish her potions essay.

"How was the dance?" Alex swiveled her eyes toward Godiva who was reading a passage from a textbook, not looking up at the body that had plopped down next to her.

"Hell. I left in fifteen minutes or so." *Not to mention I wasted all my extra money on that dress.* She paused and took out her potion's book. The cover had a picture of a handsome man brewing a potion...too bad Snape didn't look like that. It would make his class a little easier on the eyes. "What did you do last night? You weren't in the dorm room when I came in."

"Oh, I was in the library. I had to look up something." Godiva replied in an emotionless voice and kept reading.

Alex ran her eyes over the Gothic's form. Her died black hair was becoming washed out, and showing her natural strawberry blonde hair at the roots. Dark circles were under her eyes and against her abnormally pale skin. She was actually wearing long sleeves today, but that might have to do with all the Professor's scolding her all the time to. In fact, the more Alex looked, the more she didn't see the bruises and scratches she had from last night.

"Is everything ok, Godiva? You seem awfully tired-,"

"Everything is fine." Her contact covered eyes shot up to Alex in a snap.

“I was just worried.” Alex defended her self and held up her hands in mock surrounded. Honestly, if the girl didn’t want to talk about it, she wouldn’t push the conversation. Instead, Alex took out the half written scroll and looked blankly at it.

“I’m sorry Alex; it’s just that I’m going through so much right now with my...parents.” Alex looked up and noticed Godiva’s right eye twitched when she lied...and that was exactly what the gothic did just a second later.

“Alright, if you ever need me for anything, don’t be afraid to come talk to me.” She offered Godiva a fake smile and went back to the damned essay that was starting to blur in front of her.

PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK

The light from the full moon hit Alex as she snuck out her dorm room; she had successfully escaped Godiva, Unity, and Taylor’s presence to sneak to an abandoned classroom on the third floor. She had two textbooks in her arms and she intended to use both of them tonight.

Although Dumbledore had said to take time off and enjoy her ‘vacation’ she still intended to study her two abilities. Wandless Magic and Shadow Walking. She walked into the room and sat down in the middle of it.

Right now she had to find her ‘inner core.’

PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK

Alex gave a start as she snorted loudly. Her eyes flew open when she realized she had fallen asleep.

“Right.”

So it sounded easier then actually doing it. Maybe she should try Shadow Walking first? She cleared her throat and looked through the thicker textbook. It said to gather her Magic and... and... wrap it around the body part you wanted to become invisible?

Alex clenched her teeth in anger and threw the book aside.

"This is absolutely, bloody, fucking, useless!" She growled and gave the book a last kick across the room.

"Troubles?" She gave a shriek as she whirled around toward the voice in the doorway. And she glared at the intruder.

"What are you doing here?" She demanded, while he made a show of brushing off some dust from his black robes.

"I could ask you the same thing, since I *am* the Head Boy, patrolling the corridors for students such as yourself who think they can go against the rules. Then possibly catch the student and report them to the Headmaster for punishment." He paused and flicked off a piece of fuzz from his sleeve. "But I prefer handling the punishments myself." He purred and looked up at Alex.

She crossed her arms over her chest and leaned most her weight on one leg. "Finished?" Boy, did he talk too much.

PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK

Tom ignored the comment and made his way over to the two books that were lying on the floor. He looked down at them and made sure he heard Alexandra's shriek of disapproval before looking back up at her.

He already looked at the books when she was sleeping.

"Shadow Walking and Wandless Magic." He paused and placed his hands behind his back, surveying her through half-lidded eyes. "Advanced Magic."

She bristled, boy how he was so hooked on her already. He knew all her little habits and quirks. "You don't think I can handle it?" She spat and he raised an eyebrow.

"I didn't say that, did I? Shadow Walking is very advanced Magic, its tough, but I think you could handle it if you worked at it." He responded and he knew what she was about to say before she spoke it.

“And Wandless Magic? You don’t think I could accomplish that?” She was blushing anger. It was always anger. He had never once seen her blush in embarrassment before.

“Wandless Magic is a natural form of Magic for powerful witches and wizards. You can’t study it from books.” He watched as she bit her lower lip and that Slytherin glare of hers was directed straight at him.

Really, he knew she was capable of both forms of Magic, but he wanted to see her suffer. She would get nowhere without a mentor, teaching her to control her Magic. She had to realize that, in order to advance, she had to come to terms with the Form of her Magic. Dark Magic. Her magic was Dark, but she was locking that part away.

“I can do Wandless Magic, Riddle. I just can’t find my inner core.” She replied haughtily, putting up her delicate chin. He stared at the light from the moon hitting on her soft skin, making her cheekbones more pronounced and her lips pucker in annoyance. He felt himself react to her and he cleared his throat, putting on his trademark smirk.

“Aw.” He paused and motioned to where he saw her sleeping in the middle of the room. “I gather that your inner core involves falling asleep?”

She was amusing when she made all those different sounds from her throat.

“Exactly how long were you watching me?”

“A while.” He replied truthfully. In fact, he had seen her leave her Common Room, and followed her all the way up to the third floor. He took a step closer to her and was pleased when she didn’t move backward.

“What you need, Alexandra is someone who is in control of their own Magic, to teach you how to control your own.”

She put her hands on her hips. “And? Let me guess. You can teach me, huh?”

Tom's lips quirked upwards and he bared his teeth in a smile. With a wave of his hands, the two books came flying toward him without a verbal spell, and within a blink of an eye he was invisible to the human eye. He had just done Wandless Magic and Shadow Walking within seconds.

"Yes, Alex, I can be your tutor. I can teach you both of these Forms of Magic, and I can help you mold your magic to use easier. You have so much potential, Alex. Your magic is a waste of space just floating around you if you don't use it." He leaked out the shadows in his body and became visible, handing Alexandra her two books.

"What's in it for you then?"

Aw, smart girl. A Slytherin thinker.

"It's rather simple, really." He walked closer to her, the bane of his thoughts, and he leaned down. His breath blew away a curl around her ear. He *loved* her hair. "A date, a simple date, and if you absolutely hate it, I will continue teaching you and I will stop trying to court you." He moved away and looked into her Slytherin green eyes.

Within seconds, he was doubled over at the stomach, gasping for breath.

"You bloody *prick*, I don't think so." With one last glare toward Tom, she left the room in haste.

The Dark Lord held a hand to his stomach and looked after the petite figure of the woman he was so obsessed with.

She would come around.

Chapter 9: Everything on Two Legs

It was a *wonderful* morning. The sun was shining in the windows, the owls were flapping into the Great Hall, and Alex had a maniac grin on her face. Her friends around her kept giving her worried glances, but she ignored every last one of them. She popped a chocolate scone, much to the amusement of Riddle across the Hall, and gave a hum. She would've been even more cheerful this morning if it wasn't for the fact that Godiva wasn't in bed last night again. She had come to the conclusion, that she would follow her Gothic friend tonight.

But enough of that grim thinking.

She buttered an English muffin and put cinnamon on it. Well, she rather drowned her muffin in the cinnamon, but that was what made it taste so good. She could still feel those turquoise eyes of Riddle from across the hall, chuckling at her eating habits. *Really*, he's no better. She had spotted him across the Hall one time, drowning his pancakes with syrup. Not to mention that he added four cubes of sugar to his tea.

"Alex, what's wrong with you?" Unity whispered, leaning across the Gryffindor table they were all sitting at. With a loud gasp, she ran a hand through her startling red hair.

"Did you get *laid*?"

Most the Hall got quiet and Alex pulled at the curl behind her right ear in embarrassment. Really, just because she was happy, didn't mean she would've had to have sex.

"No! Just be patient." She whispered, glaring at the students who were awaiting the answer.

She took a bite of the English muffin and gave a moan. She really did love food. How could people starve themselves just to be happy? Opening her eyes, she gave a glance at Taylor, her smart Ravenclaw friend.

"Taylor, someone wants to meet you today at Hogsmeade. I agreed, so you are basically going on a date." It was better if she just came

out and said it. Taylor was the kind of person to not beat around the bush with.

Taylor dropped her fork and put a hand to her short neck in horror. Her navy blue eyes were widened in surprise. "A... a date? Really? With a guy?"

Alex gave a snort and continued on her English muffin. "Of course a date, with a guy. He was really excited to meet with you." She would've made a few sarcastic comments in there, but Taylor was already off her seat in horror.

Before she could say anything else, the Hall erupted in chuckles and whispers. The four friends all turned to the entrance of the Hall and burst out laughing.

There stood Brinley and Chavi, Alex and Godiva's room mates. They were all looking at everyone in curiosity on why they were laughing at them. Each of them had absolutely no ounce of make-up on and their usual short skirts were down to their ankles in a Virgin Mary style. Not to mention that their collars were buttoned up to their neck, not showing their swelling breasts.

Alex's friends looked at her in amazement.

"Did you do this?"

Alex held her side and laughed, choking on the English muffin in her mouth. Really...she was choking.

Her laughter subsided, and her face grew red from the lack of air. She held her hands to her neck in a helpless gesture. Tears were gathering in her eyes and she saw her friends all stand up in shock.

Strong arms wrapped around her torso and a fist slammed into her stomach. After about five thrusts, Alex gave a heave and spit out the soggy clump of English muffin on her plate. She took large mouthfuls of air, and turned to her savior. Her eyes met Addison Clayborne's concerned ones.

"You ok, Alex?" She gave a nod and collapsed into his arms in thanks.

“Thank you so, so, much, Addison. I almost died.” His hand patted her head and she sighed. What an ordeal. Laughing at the prank you just pulled and then choking on your favorite breakfast treat.

After a few moments she pulled out of his embrace and noticed everyone looking at her in shock. Yes... it was scary. That is, until she looked over at Riddle and frowned. The man had his head in his arms and his shoulders were shaking uncontrollably.

He was laughing!

Tom Bloody Riddle was laughing that she almost died. What was so funny about that? She glared at his form and looked away from him in anger. Who cared about what he did?

Not her.

After things got under control, the students started to laugh at both the two Gryffindor students and Alex’s incident.

PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK

The four friends stepped out of the carriage when they arrived at Hogsmeade. It was a slightly chilly day, and Alex found herself wrapping her school cloak around herself. She was proud that Taylor had dressed up for the occasion and she was sure Blake Longbottom had also dressed up.

She took Taylor’s hand in hers and led her up to the Three Broomsticks. Students all around were scurrying here and there, trying to shop for the things they wanted. The Three Broomsticks was packed and Alex squeezed her way through, ignoring all the shouts of anger she caused.

Moments later, she spotted Blake and tugged Taylor after her, Godiva and Unity following behind them in a much slower pace. Blake was sitting at a table seated for two and when he spotted them, he stood up and looked bashfully at Taylor.

Alex watched as the two looked shyly at each other and sighed. “Blake Longbottom, this is Taylor Lester. Taylor, this is Blake. Have

fun on your blind date.” With a chuckle, she walked away, enjoying the awkward glances following in her direction.

The trio sat at a booth far away from the couple to notice them. They laughed at the expression on their faces.

“Taylor was so mortified that you left her, Alex! You should’ve seen her face.” Godiva burst out laughing and Alex smiled at her friend. This was the first time in a long time that Godiva had that sparkle in her eyes.

The three sat there for quite awhile, they ordered some fried cheese sticks and enjoyed their own company. Not to mention their perfect view of Taylor and Blake’s awkward, but cute date. They were having a great time, but it was interrupted by a throat clearing.

“Hello, Clifton, Ramsey, Alexandra.” He nodded to each of them, but his eyes stayed on Alex.

“I was wondering if you would like to share a drink with me, Alex.” He actually asked this time, and not ordered. But yet...

“No thanks.”

She gave a startled yelp as he picked her up and threw her over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. “Must you be so difficult, Hershey? I want to drink with you.”

Alex glared and pounded on his back. “And you should take *no* for an answer.” She was thrown down on an empty booth and she glared at the tall figure, leaning over her.

“One drink, that’s all I’m asking.” She looked at his eyes and sighed.

“Alright, *one*. No more.” He gave a nod and swept toward the bar, ordering two glasses of liquid. She tapped her fingers on the wooden table in front of her and tried to make herself seem more confident.

He came back a moment later and placed a tumbler full of crimson liquid in front of her. “Scoot over.” There was that damned order voice of his.

"There is a perfectly open spot right across from me-," She growled as he interrupted her, by sitting very close to her; blocking the exit.

"I wanted to talk to you alone, Alex. I don't know how much your friends know about you, but I was being generous by removing you from the table." She was about to give a retort, until she looked at his face. Something was serious.

"Know what?" She played with the crimson liquid and gave a side look at Riddle.

"I'm on to you, Alex." That was all he said, and she snorted.

"You're on everything with two legs, Riddle." She was surprised yet again when Riddle used physical contact again. His delicate, yet strong hands gripped her chin.

"I know something's different about you. Your color of your eyes, the lightning bolt scar, the way you're so different from everyone else, why Dumbledore favors you, and the unexplained hate toward me. I am being as bloody patient as I can with you, and yet you have this anger toward me with no explainable reason. So, what are you hiding, Alexandra Quinn Hershey? Who are you exactly?" Alex's heart skipped a few beats here and there with each statement he shot out.

Was she that obvious?

She watched, speechless, as Riddle leaned closer to her and whispered. "Not to mention you're a parselmouth." He didn't whisper that, no, he hissed it in parseltongue.

She jerked back and glared into the smug eyes of Riddle. "It runs in the family."

Tom shook his head and gripped her jaw more aggressively. "No, you're playing a game with me Alex, and I don't like that. I'll find out the rules of the game and then I'll beat you." He let her go and drowned his drink in one go.

"Really, I just moved here-,"

“Don’t lie to me, Alex. I can tell when lies come out of that pretty little mouth of yours.”

She looked away from his gaze and down at the tumbler in her hands. Dumbledore had said that everyone would forget her when she left. No one would remember a thing from her stay. So what was the big deal about Riddle finding out?

Nothing.

“I’ll tell you if you agree on tutoring me.” Riddle’s eyes widened and his face was expressionless for a few moments.

“Deal.”

She leaned back and looked ahead of her.

“I’m from the future.” That really did sound awfully bad. She half expected him to burst out laughing just like he had done at breakfast that morning when she was dying. Instead, he didn’t.

She turned to look at him and was surprised when he gave a curt nod. Alex opened her mouth a few times, but nothing came out.

“You- you knew? How?”

He gave a dry chuckle and shot her a quick sideways glance. “It’s obvious, isn’t it? Why you think women should receive more credit for what they do, you wear trousers instead of skirts like it’s no big deal, you skipped a level in Hogwarts, and your two textbooks that you carry around on Wandless Magic and Shadow Walking was published in 1999.” He tilted his head to the side and gave a smirk at her gob smacked face expression.

He looked in her books?

“So I came to the conclusion that you are from the future. How far into the future?” He was just curious and she cleared her throat.

“Sixty four years into the future. It’s 2006 where I came from.” She didn’t like talking to him about this. She didn’t like to talk to him at all

for that matter. He seemed absolutely hooked on the subject, though. His eyes were sparkling like a crazed man.

“Sixty four years...” He repeated and closed his eyes. “That would make me seventy nine years old. I figure I’m still alive because of the hate you harbor to me.” He snapped his eyes open and looked over at her once again. “Why does a young girl around seventeen hate me so much? What did I do to you?”

Alex tensed up and her eyes brimmed with tears. She couldn’t do this. The very same man who killed her parents and tried to kill her every single breath she took. What would he do if she told her? She bet he would look proud of himself of what he would accomplish.

She brought back her fist and slammed it into his nose. She was would’ve been smug if it wasn’t for the hurt cursing through her body. Riddle gave a loud cry and brought his hands up to his nose that was streaming with blood. She hoped she had broken it... just as he had broken her life.

Alex leaned in and made sure he was looking straight in her eyes. “What did you do?” She repeated with her voice as cold as ice. His own eyes were full of hatred, but they turned surprised at her actions a moment later. “*You* are a very sick man in my life. *You* broke my whole life, *you* bring the hatred inside of me out. *You* make the ground where you walk turn black with death.” She paused and repeated Riddle’s actions that he had done earlier that day. Putting her lips to his ears, she hissed parseltongue in his ear.

“And you enjoy every last bit of it.”

She stood up and climbed over the stunned form of Riddle and ran out the pub with tears coming down her cheeks.

PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK

He just sat there and stared at the door she ran out of. Her every last word was ringing in his head as he felt blood course through his fingers. What had he done to her that would cause so much hatred? True, he wanted to become a Dark Lord, someone who opposed the

Ministry and Dumbledore, but would he become someone who brought terror to people?

He wanted everyone to look up at him in admiration, not fear or hate.

One thing was for certain, he needed to know what he was like in the future and what he had done to Alexandra Hershey... hell that might not even be her real name.

With a sigh, he stood up and left the pub. He had some planning to do.

PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK

She scribbled through her diary once she ended her section for the day. She was in her dorm room the whole day since the incident with Riddle at the pub. Her friends had tried to make her come out, but she refused. Alex couldn't face Riddle again, not after what she had done...what they did together.

All she wanted to remember about Riddle was that he was Lord Voldemort, but as much as she wanted to think that about Tom Riddle, the more she realized he was *not* Voldemort yet. His face expression was sincere when he asked what he had done in the future to her...and yet all she had seen were the red snake eyes of her enemy and she had snapped. She had taken out everything on Tom Riddle, and he just sat there and listened.

She clutched her diary to her chest and made her way over to her trunk. And yet... hadn't Riddle already made horcruxes? His Slytherin ring, and his diary...how many others could he have done? Did he not know that once he split himself seven times, he would become an unfeeling monster?

Opening her trunk, she placed the diary amongst her clothes, and she shut the lid. Taking her wand out, she locked the chest with an ancient spell, Hermione showed her during second year after Lavender tried to steal it.

It was starting to get dark and Alex remembered she was going to try to follow Godiva tonight. With a deep breath she went out the dorm

room and down the Common Room. She spotted the gothic girl reading a book by the fire. Settling down in a dark corner, Alex waited until Godiva got up.

It wasn't until a few more hours that she did stand up. She exited the Common and out the portrait, Alex following a great distance away from her. Before she knew it, they were outside and the grounds were deserted of people. The sun was going down and Alex wondered where the hell Godiva was going.

Her friend looked around and hid in the trees of the Forbidden Forest, her wand was waving back and forth creating a simple protection charm. And then...

The full moon started to rise, and the Potter heir stopped in her tracks. Green eyes widened in horror as she saw Godiva collapse in the forest floor. Her limbs were changing and her screams turned into howls.

Godiva was a werewolf.

Alex did the only thing she could do, and ran back to her dorm room. She stayed up late that night, trying to find out ways she could help her friend...but she only came up with one option. It was the same choice her father, Sirius, and Pettigrew made.

PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK

If anyone heard the footsteps that night in the 6th year Gryffindor, girls dorm, they would wake up and see...nothing. It was a good thing they didn't wake though, for if they did, they would be jinxed.

Tom used Shadow Walking to get into the dorm room of Alexandra. He *needed* to know her better. Not only because he wanted to know what he was like in the future, but because he wanted *her*. How would he win her over if he didn't know how to fix the obvious hurt in her?

His first guess was that she kept a diary. Not many people did, but something told Tom *she* did. People who kept journals or diaries

where the same people who kept all their emotions bottled up. Exactly what Alex does.

If that was false, he would gather her memories up in a pensive and study them all night, before morning came around. That option was the trickiest, if someone discovered her with a sleeping charm over her in the morning things wouldn't look good if she woke up with her memories burrowed for awhile.

He made his way over to the furthest bed from the door and looked down at the sleeping figure. He couldn't help the slight smile forming on his face. She didn't have a scowl or glare on her face, but yet, she had her lips opened slightly and her head turned in an awkward angle. She would definitely have a pain tomorrow morning.

Tom touched his healed nose, and looked back down at her. He didn't *love*. He vowed to himself a day at the orphanage that he would never love someone. Ever. But every time he looked at her, he felt something in his chest flutter. *Corny*.

He rephrased that.

Every time he looked at her, his cock hardened and his Magic sparked in anticipation. His Magic was the major key factor in this whole...relationship. It had never reacted like this around anyone else. Maybe if they got to know each other, he would indeed find himself having those feelings he cursed away so long ago.

That was what he was doing now. Getting to know her. Well, actually breaking in her trunk and stealing something...but whatever did the trick, eh?

He tapped the trunk with his wand, but nothing happened. He frowned and narrowed his eyes at the trunk. It was surrounded in white, ancient Magic. His lips twitched upwards. Alex sure surprised him multiple times a day.

Placing his hand on the chest he closed his eyes and muttered the reversal spell for the locking charm. With an audible 'click' the lock opened and he was free to *look* through her things.

It was mostly clothes, and some trinkets, but a leather bound book was what caught his eye. He picked it up and flipped through it, hissing in approval when he noticed that it was a diary.

He shut the lid quietly and placed the same ancient Magic that she had on before he broke in and left the room.

Yep, again, not my favorite chapter. This story isnt going where I want it to go. **But**, I want to thank you all for your reviews! I'll try to answer questions this time around, so if you have any please feel free to ask and I will reply to your review.

Thanks again.

Oh, and my beta is currently... MIA. So, be patient with me and my grammar. And, my beta (DarkCrimsonFlame3) Is writing a new fic with Tom as Peter Pan and Harry as... well, Harry. :D Plue Draco is Tinkerbell. Check it out.

Chapter 10: Watching them Unfold

Tom took the diary in his own room, one of the great benefits of being Head Boy. He settled himself on the couch and took a deep breath. It would take a long time to read through this whole thing, but luckily he knew a spell that would allow him to watch the events through her memories that were placed on the piece of paper. He had used it once on his horcrux, the diary. His diary would allow the victim to view his memories that were placed on the diary.

He looked around the room and made sure the door was locked from intruders. The last thing he needed was Marigold to come storming in his rooms, crying about the news of her family's poverty.

He pointed his wand at the diary and muttered his spell.

"Obvisour memoirs!" He was sucked into the pages and he hit his feet on hard ground. The spell would only allow him to view the memories that were written, but he wouldn't be able to read any of what Alex felt. *That*, he would do later. Now, he wanted to visualize her memories.

He looked around as he landed in her first memory. It was a living room with a man with black messy hair playing with a small baby with her own messy hair.

It must've been Alex when she was a baby. Those are her parents; she has her mother's eyes.

A women with red hair and bright green eyes watched her husband and child play together. They were all laughing, enjoying each other's company. That is until a loud 'crash' was heard.

"The wards, he has found us." The women stood up in a hurry and the man picked the child off the floor.

"Lily, take Alex and run!" Lily took Alex from her father's arms and ran up the stairs just as the door burst open.

Tom turned to gaze at the hooded figure who had come through the door and instantly was hit with the foul Magic. It was powerful Magic, but it had a foul aftertaste to it.

Before he could see anything else, his body was sucked up after the woman and Alex. He hoped the hooded figure was not who he thought it was...

He watched as Lily started to sob, while clutching little Alex in her arms. Tom saw the mother straighten up in determination and place her daughter in the crib. Not a moment later the door opened and the hooded figure stepped inside with a cackle. He smelt of death, and Tom knew Alex's father was lying downstairs, staring lifelessly up at the ceiling.

"Not Alex, not Alex, please not Alex!" Her voice was desperate as she stood protectively in front of her daughter.

"Stand aside, you silly girl...stand aside, now..."

"Not Alex, please no, take me, kill me instead-," Tom frowned at the desperate tone in her voice.

"Stand aside!" The figure's voice was raspy...

"Not Alex! Please...have mercy...have mercy..."

Tom watched as the figure snarled and pointed his wand in her direction.

"Avada Kedavra." Lily screamed and fell to the floor in a lifeless thud. He watched in surprise as the figure advanced on the baby Alex.

Why did he want to kill a baby?

"Good bye, Alex Potter." Tom's eyes widened.

'Potter? Alex is a Potter?' Before he could think more of it, he watched as the killing curse hit her in the forehead. But it didn't kill her, instead it bounced and hit the figure dead on.

With a screech, Voldemort, (he came to terms that it was Voldemort) exploded and his soul left his non-existent body. Tom whirled back at Alex who was crying... a lightning bolt scar on her forehead.

--

Her memories showed brief glimpses of living with those awful muggles. How she had to live with them instead of her parents...all thanks to him.

She didn't even know she was a witch until that brute, Hagrid, revealed it.

He went through her first year, her adventures, and the end of the year when she faced his older self. To say he was disturbed was an underestimate.

What had happened to his beliefs? He was some skeleton monster who enjoyed pain and torture of helpless people. An eleven year old girl for heavens sake!

He knew that Alex's mother had died for her protection, that was why Voldemort couldn't stand her touch.

Then second year came, and went. He watched with unemotional eyes as she had killed the basilisk with his horcrux sword, and how she pierced and destroyed his other horcrux, the diary.

Third year came and she was presented with a new father, Sirius Black. She learned of Peter Pettigrew's betrayal on her family and his loyalty to Lord Voldemort.

He came to the conclusion that she received Parseltongue from the connection they shared through her scar. But as much as he thought and thought, he still didn't understand why he wanted to kill Alex so bad.

Then fourth year came, and he watched her grow before his eyes. She hated the media's attention because she was the Girl-who-lived. Alex just hated being Alex Potter. He felt a twang of pity for her. How could he not? The whole wizarding world was looking up to her, for something she had no control over.

She was signed up for the Tri Wizarding tournament. A fourteen year old female. It was ridiculous and he had a hunch of who was behind it.

His hunch was correct as she was port-keyed to a familiar graveyard. He watched in disgust as Pettigrew killed the Diggory boy, and Tom noticed he stood by Alex's side throughout Voldemort's rebirth. He was amazed at how easily the ritual went.

Voldemort got his body back.

Tom choked on his bile as he saw what had become of him in the future. He was distorted, a merciless killer. Far from what he thought he would become. Voldemort's long finger touched Alex's scar and she cried out in pain...and Voldemort didn't. By using her blood, he had gained the protection Lily Potter gave her daughter. He was flabbergasted when he learned that both his and Alex wands were brothers.

Something about that piece of information made him uncertain. He had heard of that before...having both brother wands, and magic that reacted with each other's... He growled and pushed it aside as he watched Alex escape him once again.

Fifth year came and went, and he watched as Alex lost yet another loved one, Sirius Black. He learned of the prophecy and he immediately stored that in back of his mind when the scene cut toward sixth year almost instantly after.

Sixth year made him uneasy. Alex had learned everything about him. She had known this whole time all about him... known about Voldemort, his horcruxes, the murder's he committed this summer. And yet, she hadn't done anything of major consequence. The only thing she had done was ignore and hate him.

It wasn't until he watched as Dumbledore received the Slytherin locket and then be murdered by Severus Snape, and when Alex vowed her life to destroy him, that he was shaken. Everything about his future was bleak.

The diary spit him back out and Tom did something he hadn't done in many, many, years. He collapsed on the sofa and buried his head in his hands. Sobs where heard throughout the room.

He was shaking uncontrollably...

He didn't want to turn out like that.

PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK

A knock woke him up the next morning at his door and he sat up quickly. Rubbing his eyes that were crusted with his dried tears, he opened the portrait only to be met with the unfortunate sight of Marigold.

"Tom! You won't believe what happened." Before she could go on, Tom slammed the door shut and went back to the sitting room.

His form sagged and he leaned his elbows on his knees, then placing his head on his open palms. For long moments, he sat there and stared into nothing. The events from last night replayed in his head and he felt darkness curl around inside of him.

Yes. He wanted to be a powerful Dark Lord. Yes, he wanted people to know him. Yes, he wanted to be immortal. Yes, he wanted to use Dark Magic...

But he didn't want to become like that lifeless corpse he had seen. He admitted that he was afraid. Afraid of actually turning out that way.

He needed help. And he knew exactly who would help him.

Alex Potter. The granddaughter to Harold Potter, who had graduated last year from Hogwarts. He saw the similarities between them, but Harold was a young, arrogant fool. Alex was wise and very mature for her age. She had to be... with what her life was like back home. From the public's attention to the threat of Voldemort.

And that brought yet another problem. Dumbledore. The man was clearly playing Alex's strings into the Act he wanted to be played. He was manipulating her, molding her into the perfect tool against Voldemort. There was *no* prophecy, that so called Seer was no Seer. For one thing, when Seer's had a vision, they collapsed to the floor in seizures and wouldn't wake up for a few days.

There was no prophecy, and Tom felt strong concern for Alex. Here she was, never having a childhood of her own and when she steps

foot into Hogwarts, she's played by the old fool, looked up to by *adults*, and being hunted by a mature, powerful Dark Lord. She had a lot on her shoulders and she didn't know who to turn to.

He would help her as much as possible. If one thing was for certain, they needed to team up in order to change the future.

And yet, there was that other problem. When she was returning to her time. He had a couple of options. One, find out the spell or object that was transporting her back. Two, going with her. Three, he would let her go (as painful as that sounded) and change the future his self. And he would wait for her...and claim her as his consort.

But something was bothering him. If she really was from the future, he knew it was true, then why did she admit it? Dumbledore was dead...how did she get here?

Tom shook his head and opened the diary, flipping until he found the passage he was looking for.

I received a letter from Dumbledore today. It was a surprise for me since he had passed away at the end of term. I was cautious of opening it, but to my surprise nothing was hexed on it. Instead, the letter told me I should take a vacation, and he had sent me a portkey toward my destination. It was a beautiful portkey, a silver chain with an emerald at the end.

To say I was surprised when I landed in the year 1944! I have no idea why he would pick a time such as this one, especially with Tom Bloody Riddle in it. But I calmed down when he told me when I returned, from the same portkey, that everyone would forget the events about me. So basically I could jump in front of Riddle and kick him in the family jewels and he wouldn't even remember it. That sure does tempting.

Tom dropped the book in a growl. Of course that was it. He wouldn't remember her when she left.

He stood up and started pacing back and forth. There had to be *something* he could do...some sort of spell or charm that would allow

him to remember her. His fingers rubbed his chin in thought. Maybe a potion would be more beneficial.

Not to mention, Dumbledore sent her back her for a reason. Was it to get to know him better? 'Know thy enemy?' Maybe this diary was a fake?

He gave a snort and shook his head. Of course it wasn't fake; he had just spent last night in Alex's memories. It all made sense. Tom went over to a piece of parchment and scribbled down a list of things he had to remember.

Research way to remember

Research the bond she and I have. Why does my Magic react toward hers in such a way? Why do we have identical Magical cores?

Court Alexandra Potter

Teach her as much as possible IF I let her return to her time.

He dropped his quill and stared down at it, not really processing it. All he secretly knew was that if he had Alex in his life, he would not turn into what he feared to be.

PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK

A/N: Just to let all you reader KNOW...

I understand all you like the witty banter between Alex and Tom, (So do I!) but things will become more angst, and serious. There still will be more banter... playful, but they will be growing up in the next few chapters.

Chapter 11: Those Conceited, Yet Handsome Eyes

Today I snapped at Tom Riddle. He found out that I was from the future. I didn't snap at him because of that piece of information, no, I did because his bloody handsome turquoise eyes turned scarlet. That annoying smirk on his face became that lipless smile. In replace of Riddle, I saw Lord Voldemort.

I realize now, that Riddle is NOT Voldemort. But somewhere inside of me knows that I shouldn't get closer to him than I already have been. He has already made three horcruxes and his soul is split in four now. How much longer until he becomes the very same man that haunts me every single minute of the day? Every single minute of the night?

It scares me, but I know I can protect myself from threats. I've been doing that since I've been eleven. He offered me to be tutored, but that arrogant prick wants something in return. Of course he would, he's a Slytherin, no? He wants a "simple date". He acts like its so easy, but to me it's a major commitment. Not only do I not like physical contact with the opposite sex, its just that if I actually do become hopelessly in love with him... (I laugh at that) I will have to leave him when I go back home. And when I do arrive at my time, I'll have to fight him...and kill him. I don't think that's possible. Not when I know that Lord Voldemort use to be human. A very handsome one at that...but a very conceited stuck up, overconfident, one.

Plus, he laughed when I almost choked to death. And he laughs at how much I eat; I think its better then being like all those other girls here.

Tom gave a smirk and set the diary down. Out of the whole diary, this was his favorite passage. It showed him that he had a chance with her.

And he would take it.

PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK

"Wake up, sleepy head." Alex swatted at the hand that was shaking her. It was way to bloody early for this.

“Evemelone.” Accomplishing that she got that out, she moved her head back under the covers.

“We have classes today, Alex Hershey! Now get your lazy arse out of bed.” It was Godiva, and the sleeping monster crawled out from beneath the covers to glance at Godiva. She didn’t look bad, in fact she look...cheerful.

“You’re pretty, you know that?” Alex whispered bringing her eyes over Godiva’s form. The gothic gave a blush.

“Ok. Now you’re hallucinating.” Godiva turned around and went through her dresser for her school cloak. Alex shook her head and frowned at her friend. She would have to work on her friend’s self confidence.

“No, I’m not. You know, I think we should do a make-over on you.” Alex winced...she had said the wrong thing. Godiva slammed her eyeliner down on the counter and turned to her with a sneer. Alex almost swore she saw the wolf’s amber eyes peer out at her beneath the yellow cat contacts Godiva was wearing.

“What? You don’t like the way I look now? Why did you even befriend me? Obviously you have something against people who are different from you.” Alex stood up and clenched her fists.

“That’s wrong, Godiva and you know it! I am different from everyone else in the school, why would I be a hypocrite and make fun of you? If you want to dress like that, then by all means go right ahead. I just thought you would look gorgeous in strawberry blonde hair, and your normal amber eyes would blend in beautiful with the rest of you. I think you are the one who can’t stand yourself and you try to cover up behind a mask!” She stomped out of the room, ignoring that she was only covered up with men’s boxer shorts and a tank top.

She was confused on how to handle Godiva. She wanted to help her friend, but she didn’t know one thing about her. Yes, she was a werewolf, but that was really all she knew. Before she knew it, she was standing at the top of the Astronomy tower, shivering in the cold wind.

This vacation was fun, it had been about a month, but Alex was ready to go home. She needed to get back home to her war, and fight with all the strength she had inside of her. She *had* to get back, before her feelings toward Riddle got even more confusing.

Studying harder was the top of her list; with or without Riddle's tutorage she had to learn Wandless Magic and Shadow Walking. Becoming an Animagus was second on her list, so she could help Godiva get a grip on her life...

"What are you doing out here?" And damn it! There was that...that person again. Always popping up all over the place. She gave a sigh and glanced over her shoulder at Riddle.

"How come you always stalk me?" That lazy smirk graced his lips and he took a step forward. His eyes ran the length of her body and the smirk was swept of his face as his gaze locked on her shorts.

"Why the bloody hell are you wearing men's undergarments?" He took large steps forward with something dangerous in his eyes...Alex couldn't help it. She burst out laughing.

"Why do you care, Riddle? If I want to wear the *undergarments* of the man I slept with last night I can do so." Tom towered over her and he was standing awfully close.

"You didn't sleep with *anyone* last night, Hershey." Alex crossed her arms over her chest and rose an eyebrow.

"Oh? And how would you know? And why back to Hershey? I thought you were bent on calling me Alexandra?" She watched as he opened his mouth to respond, but instead a real smile slipped out. He slid his finger down her cheek bone and leaned closer to her face.

She couldn't help the little spark of pleasure run through her at his actions, but she could give him a half-hearted glare.

"Hershey is your last name, is it not?" He was so bloody arrogant.

"Yes." She pushed at his slim chest, causing him to take a step back for balance. She had to remember yesterday at the Three

Broomsticks when he found out about her 'future' case. Emerald eyes looked at his nose to notice he didn't even have an indent.

"It's a shame you didn't break it with all that effort behind it... I barely even bleed." Tom replied, seeing Alex's gaze on his nose. Before she could respond, Riddle turned and walked toward the exit.

"You are the most confusing person I know, Riddle. What was the reason to come up here when all you did was throw immature comments toward me?"

He paused in his retreat, but didn't look back. "Why don't you think *that* was the reason for coming up here?" He paused and looked at her neck. "And that is a beautiful necklace, Alexandra. But I don't understand why you wear such a nice piece of jewelry to bed." With that he retreated down the steps, leaving a fuming and confused Alex behind.

PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK

It was the dueling tournament today, and Alex was thinking about not competing. Yes she did sign up for it, but that was a whole month ago. It was October 15th and she had yet to improve on her Wandless Magic and Shadow Walking. That could have to do with all the Professors throwing loads of homework toward the students.

And she was not opening up to Godiva as she wanted to.

She tried to make moves to allow the gothic girl to indulge in Alex, but every time she got even close, Godiva stormed away. Alex then came to the conclusion that Godiva would come to *her* when she was ready.

Not to mention that Riddle was annoying as hell. He came around almost everyday just to talk with her. Not once did he mention the events from the Three Broomsticks, and he didn't seem like he knew Alex was from the future.

The only thing she was proud of was Blake Longbottom and Taylor Lester was a couple now, and a great one at that.

“Alex! Wait just a second.” She clenched her teeth and turned to look at Grover Harrison. Despite the fact that he was bloody handsome and a gentleman, he never left her alone.

“Yes, Grover?” He started to match his pace with hers and before she knew it, he was leading her over to the Ravenclaw table for lunch. That didn’t bother her as much as it should, just because her friends were sitting there also.

“Are you competing in the Dueling Tournament?” She sat down beside Unity and gave an eye roll toward them as Grover sat by next to her. She didn’t notice turquoise eyes watching her and narrowing at Grover.

“I’m not sure-,”

“You have to. If you’re as good as you are at dueling that you are at Quidditch, you will be brilliant.” Grover’s eyes were locked on her face and Alex tugged at the curl behind her right ear. She *had* won both her two matches so far, and the men at Hogwarts were starting to see her for her talent, and not just her looks.

“Alright, I’ll do it. But don’t think I’m doing it just because you asked me to.” She joked...and he didn’t understand she was just kidding. That was another thing about Grover, you couldn’t joke with the guy.

Grover shook his head, “Oh, no. I understand.”

Alex sighed and spooned up some of those red shapes in the bowl next to her. It didn’t matter that she didn’t know what they were, as long as she was facing *away* from him.

“Don’t you get the hint, Harrison? She doesn’t want to converse with you.” Alex gave another sigh as she heard Riddle’s voice from behind her and Grover. Even without turning around, she could sense his eyes on her back and a sneer upon his lips.

“Go away, Riddle. Alex doesn’t want to talk with you either.”

“Nice comeback, Harrison. I didn’t know you had it in you.” Riddle’s voice with dripping with sarcasm and he brushed a piece of his hair away from his face.

“As much as I love your company, Riddle, I would prefer Grover’s more than yours. So if you don’t mind...”

“I saw you’re signed up for the tournament today. Good luck, you’ll need it.” With that he turned and left the Ravenclaw table.

He was doing it again... confusing the hell out of her. What was the reason for him to come over? Laughter made her look up to see Unity and Taylor laughing. Godiva was just playing with her food, a small smirk upon her lips.

“What are you laughing at?”

“Tom Riddle is so smitten with you, it’s hilarious.” Alex grunted and stabbed her potato, she ignored the fact that her cheeks started to heat up.

Maybe she would participate in the tournament today... she could kick Riddle’s arse. Her eyes widened at that thought. ‘No.’ she couldn’t kick his arse because their wands were brothers... damn.

PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK

A/N: Yep, it’s short. Very. I just had to write a small interlude. I like the next chapter, Alex gets a scolding from Tom and they both grow up. Plus, did Alex find a way to help Godiva?? Yes she did. But is she doing the right thing?

Chapter 12: This is no Joke, this is War

“Next we have Alexandra Hershey and Blake Longbottom.” Alex gave a huff as she looked around the Great Hall. She told herself earlier that day she wouldn’t participate in this horrid competition to see who the greater wizard or witch was.

And now after a challenge from Riddle, she found herself facing Blake in front of most the school.

Not to mention Tom Riddle.

She sighed and made her way through the crowd. She had already faced two other occupants and had won. She didn’t like this at all... so why was she doing this again?

To prove to Riddle that she could do it.

Professor Slughorn and Headmaster Dippet were running the tournament and the other professor’s were spectators. Being the Girl-Who-Lived back in her time had settled fears about competing in front of a crowd.

She brushed back a curl of black hair that flew in her face and she gave a smile at Blake who gave his own in return. In the distance she could hear Unity and Taylor cheering her on, yet Taylor was also cheering Blake on for she was dating him at the moment. Godiva was no where even near the Great Hall today. She was gone and separated from Alex ever since that day in the Gryffindor dorm.

“Bow.”

Alex inclined her head respectfully and arched her body forward slightly. She didn’t want to look over eager to bow before Blake. Turning her heel, she walked her respected paces forward and got in her dueling stance.

“One.” Professor Slughorn was in the middle of the stage, holding up an arm between her and Blake. He was almost like her professor in second year. The man was just power hungry and stuck up to the certain students who seemed to have more powers than the others.

“Two.” Her eyes glanced off and they met *his*. Of course it would be his. The same man who knew of her secret and yet he had told no one, nor even spoke of it to her since that day at the Three Broomsticks.

The handsome features morphed into a smirk as the young, Dark Lord gave a nod toward her direction.

“Three.”

PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK

She was wonderful, absolutely wonderful. He couldn't wait to get his hands on her and morph that doormat power into use. All he needed to do was go up to her and set a *date* on what time they would meet to study.

She had won third place out of the tournament, and the only reason she didn't win it all was because she knew she would have to duel him in the championship. Their wands were brothers and there was no way they could duel. It really was a pity they would never get to duel each other. He craved the competition she could offer him.

Alas, he received yet another trophy just as Pipa Harrison had predicted.

Tom hadn't been to see the Dark Lord Grindelwald since he had split himself into four. He planned on staying away from his mentor until he figured out what the bloody hell he would do with himself. Maybe his mentor would teach Tom how to be a respected Lord and not some monster he was destined to be.

“Congratulations, Tom!” A young witch yelled in the hall, batting her eyelashes toward him. He didn't even glance in her direction. His interests lied in the Potter heir.

His turquoise eyes caught her petite form up ahead with that lone Slytherin girl, Unity, by her side.

“Alexandra!” People glanced at him in disgust as he yelled in their faces and elbowed past them to get to her side. Unconsciously he pulled down his Magic that always sprang up around Alex.

Those Slytherin green eyes locked with his own and he had to glance away quickly when they started doing unseen things to his body. Instead, he gave a quick nod toward Clifton and pulled Potter’s arm toward the side of the hallway.

“Riddle! I have to get to-,”

He would love to latch his lips to hers to shut her up, yet he used words right back. “Hershey- meet me by the kitchens tonight at 10:30. Don’t get caught.”

Then... he did *it*. The very same thing he told himself not to do. Touch her. His abnormally long, but skillful fingers slid down her soft, glowing cheek in a caress. How he longed to do more. Instead, he turned his heel and left her overwhelming presence to go to the library for more research. He had to see why his Magic always acted up around hers.

--

Making sure her roommates were sleeping, and no one would see her in the Common Room, Alex snuck downstairs after her entry in her diary. She made sure it was well past 10:30 to leave the Common, just to make that arrogant prick wait on her.

Having no idea what he wanted with her, Alex let her imaginative mind start conjuring up options. What if he wanted to demand more answers for the future? What if he wanted to kill her?

That was impossible. The only thing he knew about the future was that they hated each other. That was a really unfair reason why he would kill her. *But he was the Dark Lord.*

No.

Tom Riddle is not a Dark Lord, not yet. She had to keep reminding herself of that.

Her mind was blank as she made her way down the steps. She passed a clock and mentally cursed. It was 11:00 on the hour. She didn't mean to be this late to the meeting. Plus it would take her another ten minutes to reach the kitchens.

When she did reach the portrait of the fruit, Riddle was nowhere to be found. It was to be expected.

"I wait on no one." The voice was deep and low, sending chills to crawl up Alex's spinal cord. Whirling around, she saw a figure that was covered with shadows. The only thing visible was a mouth that was currently set into a deep frown.

"I-," She felt guilty.

"I don't want to hear your excuses, Alex." It was hissed in parseltongue, sending more hatred into that simple sentence.

A silence settled over the two, and she shuffled her feet. Guilt, she hated guilt. She put her chin up and met his shadowed eyes.

"I understand, Tom. I'm sorry and I wasn't responsible to get here on time." There, she said it... totally admitting it was her fault. Which it was, but it was always worse to say it to another. And he was still silent, hidden dangerously into the shadows... studying her while she stood in the flame of the torch.

"I called you down here to hold my end of the bargain we made in the Three Broomsticks a while ago."

What was he- Oh. He was talking about tutoring her. And here she was, thinking it funny to make him wait when he was just being true to his word. She felt terrible.

"Tom I-,"

"Please, Alex." He sounded tired and he took a step out in the light. The flame from the torches made his lines on his face stand out and the weariness in his eyes were like shining beacons in the dark.

"I don't want to here your *childish* apologizes. Ever since you came here, you've acted like it was one big joke. That here was just somewhere you could relax... do you think Dumbledore sent you back here for a *vacation*? He sent you here for a reason. This is **war**, Alex; people are chess masters and love to control those that are younger and less experienced.

"I enjoyed your bickering and immature comments for awhile, but I know the true you. I can see that you've been through so much already and you're wise, far wiser than you let on. And you're smart. So put all your qualities together and smarten up."

He was walking closer to her and his eyes were glowing fiercely. "Show me, Alexandra that you are ready for me. *Show* me, not with words, but actions that you're ready to face this war and accept my help."

His eyes lingered over her face and he turned and walked calmly out of the light, leaving Alex alone in her grief.

He was right.

That was the first thing that popped in her mind when she made her way toward the Gryffindor Common Room. He was right as always. She was wasting her free time as a joke when she could be preparing for the war that would slap her in the face when she arrived back home.

This is war, and it was. She was laughing and playing pranks when people back home were dying innocently.

He sent you back here for a reason and Alex realized that even if she loved Dumbledore, he was a manipulative old man. So what reason did he have to send her back here in time? How did Tom know all this?

Well, that was a stupid question. Tom knew everything from experience; he was always watched closely by Dumbledore all the time. Tom was wise... he was smart, devious, he was a perfect Slytherin. And it was then when she realized she could learn so much from him. If she ever gave him a chance.

With his help, she could defeat him in her time... how ironic was that? Did he know that? Of course he did... he always knew. So then why is he helping her?

She growled in confusion and shook her head as if to clear it. The only clear thing coming through was that she needed to take Tom's words to heart and to shape up.

The astronomy tower sounded like a good place to sit and think, that was until she was caught by Professor Slughorn who took 20 points from Gryffindor and detention for staying out past curfew. If she was with Tom this wouldn't have happened.

--

She slammed the book shut and put her head in her hands. It would take awhile, probably three months to become an Animagus. Too long to help out Godiva... but there was a second option. It was illegal, really illegal and it could kill her if she ever tried it, but she *had* to do it.

She had caught scars littering up Godiva's arms earlier that morning and had skipped potions to look up Animagus'. The girl was a wreck and Alex would help her out before that razor slipped a little deeper.

It was called an *Exliar potion*... a simple potion that would speed up the process of transforming into her animal. She refused to look up the side-effects in fear that it would be listed as death. How could something so simple of a potion be so harmless?

Boomslang, snake skin, Fangs of a Egyptian beetle, grinded wings of a sea turtle... etc. Just simple ingredients. They wouldn't harm her that much. She could steal them from Professor Slughorn's office later when everyone was down for dinner.

Right now, though, she had to find her inner animal. She hoped to all Gods that she wasn't a serpent. Looking around the library, she pointed her wand to her temple and murmured, "*Revealer Animagus*."

Slowly moving the wand away, a clear bubble, the size of her fist, floated from the end. The process reminded her of removing the

memories for a pensive. Emerald green eyes locked with glowing bright green, and she gave a small smile.

Her Animagus form was a fox. A black fox. It was beautiful, with a shining ebony coat, fluffy tail with a auburn tip, graceful feet, large ears perched on top her head. It wasn't as big as she hoped it would be, but being a small animal had it's advantages.

Excitement ran through her as the bubble popped. She couldn't wait to start on the process. The anticipation dimmed when she remembered *why* she was doing this, Godiva. Before she left, she would heal her friend's troubled soul.

--

She crept upstairs to the third floor of the girl's bathroom. She knew Myrtle was there and she highly doubted anyone would come up here with a ghost flying around.

In her hands she had a pouch of the ingredients and a caldron she would use to brew the *Exliar Potion*. The whole school was down in the Great Hall, enjoying the warmth of the food and joyfully laughing at each other's jokes.

While she was upstairs, risking her life for a troubled friend.

Settling herself down in the exact same spot Hermione had in her second year, Alex set the text book down which was opened to the procedure of brewing the potion.

Looking around, she didn't spot Myrtle flying around the bathroom in tears... thank Merlin. She would be able to concentrate easier. A part of her was hesitant in doing this... something that was illegal that would kill her. Maybe Tom would be able to help her? He would understand anything illegal. But she couldn't ask him. Their talk a two days ago was still on her mind and she was finding it hard to *show* him that she was ready for his tutorage. So far, he hadn't even spared her a glance.

Sighing, she pulled her curly hair back in a pony and got to work, cutting the moss covered bark.

--

A week later, and four days before the full moon found Alex grimacing in the third floor bathroom. Sweat matted her body, and tremors of pain shook through her small statue.

A fox appendage was her two legs, and a tail was growing from her spinal cord. This was all she could get within a week.

A whole bloody week she had been distant with her friends, her schoolwork, and even Quidditch. As soon as classes were over she had thrown herself into her Animagus work. Nothing fazed her as she didn't feel any emotions besides determination and obsession.

As far as this new Alex went, she didn't know about Tom, Voldemort, wars, or any other concerns. All she was worried about was speeding up the process even more. And she knew it wasn't healthy, but she couldn't stop even if she tried.

She needed more *Exliar Potion*. That was it. If she took more potion, she would be able to transform even faster than what she was doing. Maybe it would be less painful?

A blood-chilling scream erupted from her throat as her arm morphed into a fox's. It felt like sharp needles prickling at her skin.

She could do this...

--

Godiva was pale, she had more scars on her arms, and she barley ate. That drove Alex over the edge. It was the full moon tonight... and the night Alex would turn into her Animagus form successfully. Even if it killed her.

She had taken even more *Exliar Potion* to speed up the process. She didn't care she lost ten pounds over a period of a week. Nor did she care that her grades dropped considerably. She didn't even care when Unity and Taylor had yelled at her for not being around anymore... and she didn't care that she missed her period this month.

What she did care about was that she would be able to change tonight. Tonight, she would finally help her friend out.

Silencing charms were warded throughout the bathroom as her screams and pained moans filled it. Myrtle watched behind a bathroom stall as her body cracked and morphed into a beautiful fox. A beautiful fox with a troubled mind.

Alex whimpered as she opened her eyes. Everything seemed so different. So clear and sharp. It was like the time when her eyesight was fixed and she didn't have to see with glasses anymore. Shakily, she stood up and lifted her nose in the air. Smells intoxicated her, some bad and some delicious. The roast beef from the Great Hall hit at her senses and her mouth started to water.

She could eat later. Right now the sun was setting and she needed to be there for Godiva.

Chapter 13: Even Through the Fog, There is Light

This is fun!

Her tongue was thrown to the side of her mouth, and a fox smile was on her face as she ran as fast as she could away from the werewolf chasing her. She felt as if all the burdens she put on herself disappeared when she transformed into her true Animagus form.

She almost didn't feel the weakness that was waiting for her deep down. Almost.

At least now Godiva was having her as the target and not herself. She could feel the thrill coming off the werewolf behind her at chasing a prey. Briefly she wondered if her father had felt this good when running from a raging werewolf. But back then... or rather in the future from now, Remus had Wolfsbane.

The castle loomed in the distance and she ran faster, skillfully jumping the logs and obstacles in the way. Being a small wolf made her easier to catch up to, but also easier to doge certain objects that was in her way.

She passed the entry way to the castle and didn't see the turquoise eyes watching her with growing anger. Anger that was wrapping itself around a tall, slim figure in shape of a large serpent.

Instead she gave a howl and looked back at the werewolf that nipped her busy tail.

Faster... faster.

She was pushing her body too much these past few days and she wondered if that caused her to slow rather than go faster. The light from the full moon darkened as a shadow landed above her. Sharp, razor like teeth pierced her shoulder and she hissed in pain. The flesh tore itself away from the bone and she almost blacked out in unconsciousness. Yet she sucked it up as she thought about Godiva tearing at her own body on those lonely nights by the full moon.

The ground was hard and frozen as it got itself ready for the October snow and it made it harder to crash her soft paws down when she ran. Her stride was uneven as she had to limp on her front paw to reveal the pain in her shoulder.

Coming up ahead was the Forbidden Forest, and if she could make it there fast she could doge into on of those small, hollow logs. She didn't make it that far, though. Just at the edge of the forest, she was tackled by a heavy weight of the werewolf, no, of Godiva. Those hooked teeth bared down on her and across her long muzzle causing her to cry out.

She tried to push at the wolf with her hind legs, but she was just too small to push it off her. Before the claw of the wolf's could come down at her, a blinding flash of yellow filled Alex's vision and she had to close her eyes against it.

The weight flew off her with such force, that she heard a large thump against a neighboring tree. Quickly getting to her feet, and ignoring the pain that shot through her, she turned to see Godiva unconscious on the forest floor.

What?

She then heard a hiss and turned slowly to a tall figure pointing his wand at Godiva. Alex had never seen Tom look so angry. His wand was shaking from either anger or fear and his hair was in his face, covering his blazing eyes.

He then turned in her direction and Alex felt her ears flatten themselves against her head in fear. She couldn't stand this...she was too weak to handle Tom right now.

The past few weeks caught up to her and she fainted on the spot.

0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-|\\o

“You’re a fool.” That is what Alex woke up to, wincing at the sharp voice next to her. Her body hurt all over and the muscles in her back shot pain all over. She barely could open her eyes, but when she did, she wished she were still out cold.

Tom Riddle was sitting in a chair beside her bed, watching her lazily. His long legs were crossed over one another and his uniform was unbuttoned at the collar. Alex huffed and shut her eyes again in exhaustion.

There was no light, save for the lone candle shimmering from the bedside table. "What happened?" Her voice croaked from the lack of use and she cringed at the twang of pain that swept through her.

Maybe if she wanted to, she could find out what happened... or remember, but the thought of thinking didn't appeal to her.

Bright green eyes snapped open as she heard rustling near her head, only to come face with narrowed turquoise eyes. Riddle's face was pulled back into a furious expression.

"Let me refresh your memory, *Potter*." Alex's eyes widened in horror and her petite body started to shake.

"How did you know-," Tom hissed between his teeth and shook his head.

"Now is not the time to discuss that. What we need to talk about is how stupid you acted." The man stood up abruptly and paced back and forth, running an elegant hand through his hair. Alex frowned; she had no idea what she did to make Tom act like this.

"What you did was senseless, Alex." Tom took a deep breath and faced her. "I told you to show me when you are ready to be taught all that I know. Since that day in the corridor I've waited everyday for you to approach me, but I was disappointed when you never came.

"Over the past two weeks, I noticed your absence from meals and other events such as Quidditch, and started to get worried that maybe I pushed you too far." Alex shifted in the bed she had no idea who it belonged to, when she realized what her actions were the past few weeks.

"That's when I find out that you've been brewing and ingesting overdoses of *Exliar potion*... just to speed the process of your Animagus transformation." Here his voice rose and Alex flinched back.

“Do you have *any* idea how dangerous that is, Alex? One dose is bad enough, but three? It could’ve killed you.” His voice broke off and he turned angrily away, watching the flames in the fireplace with a brooding silence.

Alex looked down at the bed and noticed it was black and silver. She gazed around the room to notice it was mostly a black, silver, and emerald décor. Moving the warm comforter aside, she surveyed her attire; a large black t-shirt with black boxers. A blush came to her face as she noticed she wasn’t wearing a bra or underwear under Tom’s clothing, but that blush slowly crept away when she realized he had taken care of her, or perhaps saved her life.

She bowed her head and her wavy mass of hair fell in her face. Shame and guilt hit her hard for how she acted these past few months and she vowed to herself, she would act sensible and grown up from here on out.

“What happened after...” She couldn’t finish or find the right word that fit in that question.

Without turning his back, Tom responded in a neutral voice. “I knocked Ramsey unconscious and took you in up to my rooms in your fox form. After I discovered you over dosed on *Exliar potion*, I had to act fast.

“Forcing you out of your Animagus form was easy compared to how I forced the excess potion out of your pores. For a whole day I had to put you in my tub, casting charms that made you sweat until it ran clear.” Alex averted her eyes from his form. “Then I had to brew a potion to calm down your nerves and body from the shock it went through, *that* took two days to brew and another two to take effect on your body. Overall you’ve been sleeping for five days in my bed.”

He turned back around and surveyed her slouched form. “That potion is dark, Alex. IF you overdose it you can loose your mind, appetite, and the ability to conceive an heir. If I left you in Madam Clerick’s care she would’ve reported you to the Ministry.” Alex was very grateful for Tom and at that moment all traces of Voldemort she used to see in him, vanished.

“Am I still... fertile?” She asked meekly, not seeing the spark that entered Tom’s eyes.

“Yes, you’ll be able to bear your partner’s heirs.” Alex buried her head in her hands and her body started to shake again.

“I- I don’t know if I’ll ever be able to repay you, Tom, for what you’ve done for me.” She looked up at his unreadable face. “Thank you.”

They studied each other for a moment until Tom inclined his head. “You know exactly how to repay me, Alex.” With that, he swept out the room and shut the door behind him.

She collapsed against the pillows and fell asleep with a frown on her face.

PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK PAGE BREAK

“Mistress Alex?” A high voice squeaked in her ear. Snapping her eyes open, she looked timidly at the house elf beside her... or rather Tom’s bed.

A tray full of food was placed on her lap along with a crisp looking envelope. Before she could ask anything of the elf, it disappeared with a snap.

She felt wonderful today, her head was clear and she felt refreshed. Much better than what she felt like yesterday. With steady fingers, she opened the letter and met elegant writing.

Alexandra,

Your Gryffindor uniform and book bag is placed at the end of my bed. Classes start in a half an hour, so I suggest getting ready shortly.

I explained your absence to the Headmaster, for being very ill and in my care. Likewise, the Professor are also notified. The student body on the other hand will want to know where you’ve been. It’s up to you to explain.

Eat as much as you like, I have giving you a potion to keep your stomach down.

Sincerely,

Tom Riddle

It was short and very formal, but that was to be expected... after all he was still disappointed in her. She fingered her necklace, thanking Merlin that it was still on. Reaching for a fruit, she decided how she would fix her relationship with Tom.

0-0-0-0-0-o-0o-0-0-0-0-0-0-o-0o-0-0-0-0-0-o-0o-

“So are you going to tell us where you were now?” Unity asked as the group of four sat down at the Gryffindor table. Unity and Taylor had been nagging her ever since their classes, but Alex just told them to wait.

Green eyes glanced at Godiva, who avoided eye contact with her on purpose, and Alex couldn’t stop the spark of anger that swept through her.

“First off, I want to apologize for both of you for how I was acting towards you the past few weeks.” She studied them and gave a smile when they gave a nod in acceptance. “I just found out my adoptive mother passed away... I was at her funeral this weekend.” She dipped her gaze to her plate in mock self-pity when they gasped.

A while ago, this would bother her for lying to her friends, but now id didn’t faze her one bit.

“I’m sorry, Alex. Will you take my condolences?” Unity asked and Taylor nodded in agreement.

Alex gave them a small smile. “Yes, thank you.” She averted her eyes to Godiva who turned away when she caught Alex looking at her.

“I heard about your loss, Alex, and I offer my condolences.” A voice interrupted from behind her, and she turned to see Grover offering a black ribbon that was velvet in her hands.

It was a tradition in this time to offer a witch a ribbon for the time of mourning.

"Thank you, Grover." She was about to take it when he pulled it back with a slight smile upon his lips.

"May I?" He motioned to her hair and Alex studied him. He looked different to her for some reason, his brown hair seemed messier and his navy blue eyes sparkled brighter. He really was a handsome man.

She gave a nod and turned her head, shivering in pleasure as he played with her hair. Tom was in her line of view and found him looking at the two in displeasure. Before she knew it, Grover was down next to her ear.

"I know this is short notice, and that your probably not in the mood to do it with your mother's death and all... but I was wondering if you wanted to go to the Halloween ball with me?" She would like to go and give him a chance, but at the moment she asked someone else...

Owls flew in the Great Hall and Alex gave a sheepish smile to Grover. "May I get back to you on that?"

His eyebrow rose, expecting her to deny once again, but a smile crossed his face. "Of course, Alex." Warm fingers grasped her hand and brought it up to his lips. She was captivated by the warmth his eyes held.

Once he left, she turned her gaze on Tom to see him receive and read the letter she wrote. What she didn't suspect was for him to glance up at her with a frown and shake his head in disapproval.

Her stomach dropped and she looked away hurriedly in rejection.

Hehe... hehe cough I dont feel to well, maybe it's because this chapter gave me vibes... bad ones.

ANYWHO- Check out DarkCrimsonFlame3 profile. She has this wicked idea for a story.

Chapter 14: Standing Still

He rejected me

That was the main thought running through her mind as her stomach clenched in an unknown emotion. After all those hints and moves he made, she thought for sure he wanted to go out with her. But it seemed that he didn't.

She had written him a letter, thanking him and apologizing for her actions. Even she admitted her words were very mature and serious. And after he told her about paying her back, she had thought he meant she should ask him out.

So she did. She asked him to the Halloween ball.

And he declined.

She didn't know exactly what to do now. But somewhere inside of her was determined to show Riddle she was mature and ready for war. And that's what she would do. Her child side was nonexistent in *her* world, and when she came here she thought it would be ok to let it out... to experience it. But it wasn't as good as she thought it would be. Being immature and childish was exactly that... childish. She was too mature to act anything but.

Taking a deep breath she looked up at Tom and made sure he looked back at her. And with eye contact she gave him a simple inclination of her head... a simple gesture that she understood, even if her head was swirling in a confused mass.

A spark of pleasure hit her as his eyes widened and then he became unreadable once again.

She looked back down at her dinner and pushed the food around. Hopefully he would still tutor her. And then there was the question on how he knew her last name. He knew Legilimency, but she would have felt the tingling in her head if he ever dug through her mind.

"Alex?" She looked up at Godiva who was shifting uncomfortable on the bench.

“Yes?” Her own voice was clipped and she felt that burst of anger go through her at seeing her troubled friend.

Yellow cat eyes looked up at her and Alex saw the pleading in them. “Could we talk alone up in our dorm?”

To say Alex was shocked was an underestimate. How long had it been? A month since they’ve talked? Green eyes swiveled toward Unity and Taylor to see them nod.

She stood up and walked out the hall with Godiva leading the way. The two didn’t look nor talk to each other on the way up, just the sound of their footsteps broke the heavy silence. After giving the Fat Lady the password, Godiva glanced back at her in confusion.

“I’m so confused and sorry, Alex.” Tears were springing up to her eyes and she sniffed, sitting on her bed.

Alex stood standing, her rising anger slowly dissolving. “What are you talking about Godiva?” She wanted to throw a fit, to throw things and yell. But she was past that, and knew she wouldn’t get anywhere with it.

“Riddle told me, Alex.” Alex’s eyes widened and she sat heavily on her bed, which was across from the werewolf. “He assaulted me in the hallway, actually. I’ve never seen him so... so angry and emotional.” The yellow cat eyes glanced off in a memory and shivered.

“He told me what you did to help me, and what happened for the consequences. I was shocked and appalled.” Her eyes swept back to Alex. “You have to believe me that I had no idea you knew I was a werewolf. You seemed so kind and helpful to know a dirty secret like that about me.

“I’m not used to people trying to help me. Before you came to Hogwarts, I had no friends, no one to talk to. My home life was non-existent. I’m a muggleborn as you probably already know, so my parents were shocked to know I was a witch. They shunned me for that, taking better care of my younger brother who became their

center of attention. Without so much of a good-bye, I came here to Hogwarts, hoping to fit in with my type of people.

"I obviously wished too hard because I was sorted in Gryffindor with Brinley and Chavi. They were appointed the head of the first years... something I look back and shake my head at. I was just trying to fit in with everyone, and to be liked for once in my life.

"Headmaster Dippet warned us in the begging of the year speech to stay away from the Forbidden Forest at all times. Brinley and Chavi found this amusing and the opportunity to test me on my loyalty."

Alex sucked in a breath, knowing where this was going... but she kept quiet, wanting Godiva to tell her tale.

"They dared me to enter the Forbidden Forest that night." Godiva pulled her legs up to her chest and have a puff of air in disbelief. "I was such a fool, so desperate for a friend. I agreed and accepted their challenge. Unfortunately I didn't know werewolves were real, and the full moon was out that night. They stood at the edge of the forest and ran off as soon as they heard a howling from inside. I wasn't fast enough and the howling turned out to be the biggest wolf I have ever seen.

"I knew it was male, and he chased me toward Hogwarts' wards. Before I could make it though..." She paused and shook her head furiously. Lifting the hem of her skirt, she bared a long scar that ran across her upper thigh. "He bit me. I thought he was going to kill me, but he didn't, which is something unusual. The wolf looked at me with those eyes of his and ran off. Never looking back at me.

"I had to crawl my way to the school. And the rest of that you must know went downhill. They told me I was a werewolf, only Dumbledore and Dippet knew of my curse. They told my parents, who immediately looked at me in horror and disgust. I will never forget their expression...and they abandoned me to a magical orphanage. Since then, I've hid behind my... 'mask' so to say."

Alex looked at Godiva with so much sympathy, that she was afraid it would look like pity. "Oh, Godiva." She stood up and made her way

over to her small friend. With strong arms she wrapped her in a hug and rocked her back and forth.

“That’s until you came, Alex. I was afraid what you would think about me being a werewolf. You were my first friend, and I couldn’t have you look at me like my parents did. But after Riddle told me what you did, I realized that you were a true friend and actually wanted to help me. I’m so sorry I ever doubted you, Alex.”

“I understand, Godiva.”

The two sat in silence for awhile until Alex’s eyes snapped open. “Godiva? Do you know who bit you?”

The werewolf shook her head and clutched Alex for support. “No, but I feel a presence every time I change. It’s like he’s there with me, but I despise him for what he did.” She paused and held her head up with a questioning gaze. “Alex? I was wondering if you could do that make-over you talked about the other day. I want to change... and accept myself like you told me to.”

Alex threw a smile on her face and nodded. “With my help, Godiva, you will be able to love yourself and depend on only you. You won’t need anyone to tell you any different. I have a friend... or used to have a friend that was a werewolf. He accepted who he was and kept going in life, ignoring all those who thought he was beneath them.”

“And I would like to be like that, Alex.”

Alex stood up and offered Godiva her hand, “Then let’s get rid of that mask of yours.”

With a sure hand, Godiva took her offered help and they headed off to the bathroom.

O-00-O-00-O-00-O-00-O-00-O-00

Alex smirked as she head to the Great Hall for breakfast. This would be absolutely wonderful. She couldn’t wait to see their expressions on how Godiva looked. The Potter heir twirled a curl around her finger,

wondering why exactly she wore Grover's ribbon he gave her yesterday, but she shrugged it off.

Her green eyes looked over at Godiva who was a whole new person. The usually black/blue hair was now changed to her natural color hair. Strawberry blonde. It was beautiful against her complexion. It was slightly wavy as it fell to her shoulders. Her heavy make-up was thrown away for a more natural look, and all her piercing were gone, save for the eyebrow and ears.

As for her tattoos... it took over an hour to find out how to get rid of them, but eventually Alex found the right spell and erased all of them. Although Godiva made her keep the wolf on her shoulder blade.

Her yellow cat eyes were gone, and warm chocolate colored eyes with amber flecks looked back at her.

"Thank you again, Alex. I feel good about myself now, like I can conquer anything in my path." Alex smiled at her friend and felt a burst of self pride go through her. She finally made Godiva love herself for *who* she was.

She walked through the doors to the Great Hall and was happy to see everyone look at the two in confusion and awe.

"Godiva? Is that you?" Unity shouted from the Ravenclaw table. Instead of shying off, Godiva smiled and nodded, throwing a shoulder over Alex.

All through breakfast Alex watched with prideful eyes as people came up to Godiva and socialize with her. Never once did Godiva's head swell up with arrogance, but she was pleasant to everyone around her.

Alex's first task before leaving was finished.

Now she had one more left.

Tom Riddle.

0-00-00-00-00-00-00-00-00-00-00-

She had finally caught up in all her classes, Quidditch and her friends. Surprisingly she had even had a conversation with Grover without slamming her head on the desk in front of her.

It would seem that either his sister, Pipa, or even soon to be brother in law, Addison, talked with him about his sense of humor and relaxing a little bit.

The Halloween ball passed but she refused to go. Instead, she hung out with Unity, Taylor, Godiva, Grover, Blake, and Christopher... a 6th year Hufflepuff who was smitten with Godiva. The seven of them spent time in the Hufflepuff common room playing all different kinds of normal and useless games.

Currently it was November 15th, and Alex was improving all her studies. She had avoided Tom as much as possible, trying to show him that without his help, she could succeed and become more knowledgeable. But yet, she knew she needed the man's help.

And she knew he was watching her from a distance, studying her and seeing every step she took.

"Grover, what exactly does a Lethifold do?" She asked over her Defense Against the Dark Arts book. She was currently in the library with Grover, a daily date they made for homework time.

Grover looked up from across the table and gave a frown. "I think their like dementors, sucks the happiness from you. Their a bit smaller though."

Alex gave a thankful nod and dipped her quill in the inkpot. Before she could drop the tip on her parchment, a voice drawled silkily behind her.

"Harrison, you are foolishly mistaken. Lethifolds are hardly like dementors in such a sense. They feed off their prey, mainly wizards and witches. They have a cloak like figure that grows larger with the more victims it eats.

"You can ward it off with a simple Patronus Charm. Although you don't really have to worry about them since their seen only down in the tropics."

Alex raised her eyes to see Grover flushing from embarrassment and anger. She turned her head and saw Tom leaning against the bookcase with a lazy pose.

"Tom." She nodded and turned back to write the information down, totally ignoring his presence.

"Your full of knowledge aren't you, Riddle? Doesn't surprise me though." Alex paused in her writing and looked over at Grover in shock. It always amazed her on how people could insult Tom, knowing he was one of the most powerful wizards at Hogwarts. Then again... she shifted her eyes on Tom. He always hid his full potential.

"What do you mean by that, Harrison?" She watched Tom step closer with a closed face expression.

"Well, you must know a lot considering you don't have any friends. Nothing better to do with your time than to read." Alex frowned at Grover and felt Tom's hands crash on her shoulders. They were like heavy weights, chilling her spine with the contact.

"Two years from now, after you graduate Harrison... I'll show you exactly which aspect was more important during these years. *Friendship* or knowledge." Alex tensed at his words. There was Voldemort shining through.

"Was there a reason for you to come over here, Tom?" Grover was looking confused at Tom's account, so Alex hurried to end this conversation before he found out what the pre-Dark Lord was hinting at.

"I'm here to set up a *date* with you concerning your lessons. It's time we started." The voice drawled lazily and Grover glared over Alex's shoulder, but wisely kept quiet. Without turning around, Alex felt Tom whisper in her ear. "Tonight, 9:00, by the kitchens; don't be late this time."

The breath tickled the stray hairs around her neck and temple, causing her to shiver. "Alright, should I bring my books?"

There was so many things left unsaid between her and Tom, she just had to act like him now... which simply was pretending that nothing had happened.

"No. Nothing but a wand, and your learning desire." With that he turned and left, shooting Grover a smirk on the way out.

"What the bloody hell was that, Alex? A date? I thought you hated each other." She flipped through her book, keeping her eyes away from the raving Ravenclaw across her.

"No, he's just tutoring me in potions. I have to get all the help I can get, plus Professor Slughorn told me Riddle offered his help." She shrugged and picked up her quill, but before she could continue to write, a hand covered itself over her smaller one.

"You know I like you a lot, right Alex?" Emerald eyes met grey. "I care about you and love your personality. I- I was wondering..." A flush met his cheeks and he cleared his throat. "Would you like to go out on a date with me? Perhaps on Hogsmeade weekend?"

Alex was flattered he asked him, but being a girl who never swooned for guys, she concealed her acceptance. A small smile morphed her grim face. "I would love to go with you, Grover." It looked like something came off his chest as he breathed a breath of relief.

He gave a nervous chuckle and they talked with each other about nothing in particular... but during the whole conversation, Alex felt something nagging at her for accepting his offer.

0-oo-0o-0-oo-0o-0-oo-0o-0-oo-0o-0-oo-0o-0-oo

So here she was, standing in front of the bowl of fruit, leading into the kitchens. And what was bothering her? No Tom Riddle. For being such a stickler at *her* for showing up on time, he sure should eat his own words.

Her eyes quickly swiveled toward the end of the hallway when she saw something move in the shadows. It could've been her imagination, but it looked as if a cloak was fluttering around the corner.

Taking out her wand, she slowly moved toward the commotion. Although this was Hogwarts, over the years she had seen no spectacular protection here. It could be anything.

Alex made her steps as light as possible, but when the torch above her flickered out, she stumbled on her own foot. Luckily she gained her balance, but a sound in the shadows made her heart race.

"Lumos." Her eyes widened at what she saw before her...

This chapter was slow... boring... uneventful... terrible. I know I say that about most of my recent chapters, but I haven't written a good one yet. But I will work on just this fic over my break and try to work with it...

Thanks for all of you who are sticking with me through this... slump.

Chapter 15: Loosing the Grip

“Lumos.” Her eyes widened then clutched shut as a blinding light hit her senses. Before she knew what happened, she was on the floor, her breath coming out in heaves and the flames of the torches were burning happily.

Her skirt rode up slightly from the fall and her hair was in a curly mass around her head. Trying in vain to get up or at least pull down her skirt, she was held down by an invisible force.

Wide, green eyes moved about the corridor only to land on the hunched figure against the wall. Trying to control her goosebumps, she met the bright turquoise eyes of Tom Riddle. Her fear hitched down slightly, but she was still wary. As he studied her, she studied him right back. Immediately she noticed that the shadows were playing around his thin form. But even if he was covered in shadows, the flame from above him played at his face... and he looked, well, tired and worn out.

Dark circles were placed under his unusual bright eyes and his cheekbones were more pronounced. The usually perfect black hair was messily sprawled all over, some spilling in his eyes.

Her eyes moved to his hands that were caressing a polished wand.

There was no smile or even frown on his face as he raked his eyes over her sprawled form. “You made it on time, Alexandra, congratulations.” His voice was hushed and she flushed. He always seemed to have an effect on her.

A part of her wished that the spell he used on her would paralyze her voice, because she had absolutely no idea what to say next. And that arse knew she was speechless.

“Speechless, Potter? No witty comeback from you?” He pushed off the wall to come toward her and even from the floor; Alex couldn’t see his shoes from the length of his cloak.

Moving her eyes up to his face she wet her lips. "What was that?" *Brilliant Alex...what a fine question you ask.* That was the best she could ask in her shocked state.

She watched as he didn't reply but circled around her, studying her expression. "You are definitely a Gryffindor with your curious nature, but a Slytherin for being cautious. You didn't run head first to the action, but took out your wand ready for anything that faced you on the other side of the corridor. You made your feet light, which was good. That's all I can really say positively on this situation." He paused and gazed at her skirt that bared her exposed thigh. She narrowed her eyes as she saw his mouth twitch in amusement, and she just *knew* that he *knew* she was feeling uncomfortable about her position, but he made no move to take her off the curse.

"You were awfully clumsy though, and absolutely dimwitted when it came to knowing your surroundings. I was watching you for five minutes before you noticed I was there. In those five minutes, I could've captured you or tortured you to death if I were the enemy. And even used Legilimency to find out where your secret Headquarters were. Thus, attacking your allies and killing them for information... and then winning the war." He never took his eyes off her, and she unconsciously hung on to every word he was saying.

"The attack you made itself was amusingly pitiful." His eyes sparked in laughter. "You saw my cloak, as I let you. But you ignored your judgment and perhaps thought it was your imagination? In thinking that and denying your instincts, you let your guard down. You came toward me with your wand half raised and not grasped right in case of a duel. Your mind wasn't even thinking of a defensive or offensive spell to cast in case an enemy was behind the corner." The small blush she acquired in the beginning of his speech was steadily getting deeper and larger with the assessment he made in such a little time period.

"The non-verbal curse I put on you took two and a half seconds to take affect. In that time you could've put up a defensive barrier, instead, you closed your eyes. Although I do know you have excellent reflexes, we just have to put them to good use.

“While I work with you, Alex. I will teach you about the war and techniques to use in the battlefield. But I will also teach you to be a better and cautious witch.” He looked at her dumfounded face and gave a deep chuckle that filled the corridor. “Not a paranoid witch, mind you. You just need to be better... at well, everything.”

Ignoring her glare, he swept his eyes back down at her form in pleasure. At the moment, he stopped his circling and stood above her head where she couldn't see him. It was an awkward silence that filled the corridor the next moment.

“I will be your teacher, and you will be my student.” He started to circle again, gazing at her with strong intention. “You will have to agree with me on my terms, Alex. No turning back. Remember, your doing this to help your war back home. It will be **you** affected by your choice, not me.”

“What terms?”

“You will listen to me in every lesson with respect and determination. If I give you a task, you fulfill it to your fullest. If I schedule a lesson on a night that you already have plans, you cancel your other plans and attend *my* lessons. You will not tell anyone about this, including your werewolf friend and *boyfriend*. And last, but certainly not least, you will not take these lessons as a joke, you should realize your life depends on them.”

Alex made her lips in a grim line and gazed right back at Tom without so much as a blink. “Do you honestly think I would take this as a joke, Tom? I have lived my life and realize nothing is a gig. I realize that it's serious and will agree to your terms.” *And kill you in my time.*

Tom gave a sharp nod and stopped his pacing finally letting Alex get off the floor. As the spell wore off, she quickly pulled down her skirt as far as it would go and stood up gracefully. When she looked up she was hit at how tall Tom really was. He towered over her at least a head.

“Well.” She took a step back picking her wand up from the floor. “That certainly is a long list, am I *that* terrible of a witch?” Green eyes avoided the man's face; instead she looked off in the distance.

"Of course you're not a bad witch, Alex. You are probably one of the best students in Hogwarts and can easily defeat many upperclassmen in a duel. You just have untapped power that I will help you to attain." She was startled when a hand grasped her chin, tugging her toward the tall, lean, frame. "Trust me when I say that, Alex."

He confused her so much. She was surprised she didn't get a headache from him everyday. At this very moment, he seemed like he cared for her and wanted more from her, but three minutes ago? He was a cold hearted and unemotional wizard. But then, why did he care about training her? Why would he nurse her back to health after her foolish act last full moon? Why did he refuse her invitation to the Halloween ball?

It would seem Tom Riddle was a never ending enigma, something she would never solve nor understand. But she vowed to herself she would know him before she left for her time.

His turquoise eyes were unreadable as he searched her own face. "Of course I understand what you're trying to say, Tom. I could kick your arse with a little more training." She smirked as his eyes widened and he gave a laugh-pushing her away from him.

"I wouldn't go that far, Alex." He hissed, eyes shining with more light than she had ever seen before.

He looked playful, almost approachable for her questions that burned within. How did he know she was a Potter? Why was he helping her train if he knew he was her enemy in the future? Why did he reject her offer?

Her mouth opened, only to be shut again. She couldn't do it right now. He looked to carefree. The shadows on his face seemed to dissolve and the rough planes on his face were less pronounced.

"So what are we going to work on tonight?"

"You are going to work on your potions homework. You still haven't done it and its due tomorrow. I don't want you slipping in that class,

not when I'm supposedly 'tutoring' you in it." She looked disappointed, but gave a smirk toward Riddle as she walked away.

"Wouldn't want your reputation to go down, would we?"

"Don't get any ideas, Alex. We met at my rooms every other night, same time."

As she walked away, she could feel his eyes burning a hole in the back of her head.

PAGEBREAK

"How did studying go with Riddle?" Godiva asked as they got ready for bed.

Over the past few weeks, Alex noticed the changes Godiva went through. For one thing the young woman had gained a healthy weight back and shot her grades up. Never once had she complained about herself in a negative way, and she was spending more time taking care of herself.

"How do you think? The man is closed off and only talks in his arrogant voice of his." She put her toothbrush in her mouth. "ow am ah oin' to earn nythin?"

Godiva laughed and smacked her on the back of the head. "Maybe you should cancel the lessons. That way you will stay in 6th year potions with me. I need you in that class." She scowled at herself in the mirror. "Especially with Professor Slughorn as the teacher. All he cares about is his star students."

They brushed in silence until Alex gave a laugh. "Did you see Taylor and Blake today? They look so cute together, just perfect for each other." Godiva nodded and spit the toothpaste out.

"And did you see Brenda Marigold? Her robes were second-hand today. The hem of the cloak hardly touched her calf. Ever since she lost her families fortune, her friends have distanced themselves from her." Alex snorted, but she frowned inside. There was a connection to

her loss of fortune and Tom's good mood along with his sudden appearance of richer material for robes.

Whatever he did, Alex wanted to stay out of it.

The two friends fell asleep with lighter conscious... not aware Alex's emerald necklace blinked once with a blinding flash of light then died back down.

PAGEBREAK

The training with Tom was resourceful and interesting. The man knew a lot of things and he was an excellent teacher. Over the past weeks she had come to understand the politics of the wizarding world, the way to grip her wand in a duel, knowing her surroundings, and the necessary steps to take when without her wand.

With the knowledge came respect toward Tom. He showed her nothing but kindness and surprisingly patience. (Since she knew that wasn't one of his strong points.) He was overall a different person when they were alone together. He had humor, patience, understanding, strictness, knowledge, and also the negative qualities such as a high pleasing level, demanding, very dominating, and his temper seemed to fly off the handle when his patience ran thin.

Never once during those few weeks had they discussed anything but their lessons. After he dismissed her, she always left without staying or looking back. And never once had he wanted to discuss other things. She became better at reading him though, and noticed his wondering eyes on her when she wasn't looking.

Overall they became closer and more understanding to each other.

He had promised her they would start with magical theory next week, and that left the whole weekend free for Alex. It was a Hogsmeade weekend and she promised Grover she would accompany him after their Quidditch game against each other.

"Study them tonight, Alex." Tom drawled from his corner in the library. Study the Dark Lords and Light Lords of the century. It really didn't

interest Alex at all, but after Tom's face had flushed from anger, she readily took the book.

"Tom?" She paused and watched as the man looked up at her through his dark bangs. "Are you going to my Quidditch game tomorrow?" He usually didn't go to any of the games, usually, meaning *never* participating in them.

"What do you think, Alex?" He sounded annoyed and Alex smirked.

"Alright, I'll look for you then." With that she turned and left the library with the familiar stare watching her retreating figure

I actually liked this chapter a lot. Hopefully you see Tom as I do... dark, arrogant, yet mysterious at the same time.

Chapter 16: The Sensation of Obsession

She threw on her maroon Quidditch cloak while watching as Addison, the Gryffindor Captain, scribbled some lines that were supposed to be players on the white board. Nodding along with the rest of her teammates, she took her curly hair and bound it upon her head.

The weather outside was drizzling, not yet snowing, but close. Nothing that would stop them from playing Quidditch.

This game was the performance before playoffs. If Gryffindor won, they would compete against Slytherin for the Championship and if they lost, they would play Hufflepuff for third-place.

“Are you listening, Hershey?” She nodded absentmindedly and tugged on her Quidditch gear. She was slightly nervous for meeting Grover after the game. What if she won and he would be mad?

Alex almost slammed her head against the nearest Quidditch hoop. Who the bloody hell cared if she won and he didn’t? Certainly not her. She wouldn’t be a sore loser if he won, and hopefully he would be man enough to be alright if she won. And if he was angry at her... then she would make him buy her a second helping of ice cream at the three broomsticks.

Then the next issue came up. Tom Riddle. She wondered if he would actually come. Alex knew when she asked him, the chances of him showing up for the first every Quidditch game of his life- was slim. The only reason she *did* ask him was because it annoyed him when she kept bugging him.

But that was her excuse to herself for covering up the fact that she *wanted* him there.

“We’re going to win this. Ravenclaw is a tough team and a bit aggressive, but we will manage.” Addison stood up and put his hand out toward his teammates. With a smirk, she put her leather gloved hand on top of his and the rest of the team followed suit.

The captain glanced at each player with a small smile spreading on his face. "Gryffindor."

"Gryffindor!" They shouted and made their way steadily out in the drizzling stadium.

Ravenclaw was already doing their warm-up laps with the whole crowd acting up in either approval or discouragement. Alex felt a rush of adrenaline as she mounted her broom and took off.

Her loose curly strands blew in and away from her face as she accelerated as much as she could. The maroon robes behind her fluttered in the wind and pretty soon the stadium was a mix of royal blue and crimson gold.

She loved this atmosphere, and was surprised when she thought she could easily get rid of Quidditch. It would be impossible.

Green eyes wondered around the crowd and spotted Godiva and Christopher sitting with each other with the werewolf trying to move away as much as possible. Unity, Taylor, and Blake were sitting behind the two with matching smiles and waves toward Alex.

She snorted and moved on the crowd, scowling at the Slytherin trio that included Brenda Marigold. Although she doubted the friendship would last long with her lack of money. Professor Slughorn was sitting with Professor Dumbledore, and Headmaster Dippet was talking to the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher.

And then *he* was in her line of sight. Tom Riddle was huddled in underneath his hooded cloak, watching the players fly above him. Something tingled in her stomach at his appearance. He actually came.

Bloody hell. She hadn't expected that. Not at all. She had *known* Tom wouldn't come.

A smile bloomed across her face whether she wanted it to come or not. He came for her.

Putting more effort into her broom, she flattened and exploded past the players in head of her. Tom Riddle had come to a Quidditch game. All this time during their lessons, she asked him to come and he replied with a void interest in the game. And yet, here he was.

The Quidditch Professor blew his whistle and the players gathered together on the pit of the stadium. He rattled on about playing fair and having fun, when Alex met Grover's eyes. The Ravenclaw gave a smile in her direction and bowed his head in good luck. Doing the same, she mounted and hovered in the seeker position.

As soon as the captains shook hands, the whistle blew and the game began.

PAGEBREAK

Alex and Grover walked side-by-side to the different shops at Hogsmeade. She was currently bundled with her Gryffindor scarf and gloves trying to get as warm as possible in the December air.

"Good game today, Alex. You were excellent." Green eyes looked over at the Ravenclaw and smiled.

Gryffindor had won- with Alex catching the snitch from an upside-down swing. Fortunately, there were no hard feelings between her and Grover so she didn't feel uncomfortable in his presence.

"Thanks. You weren't too bad yourself." She didn't really know what else to talk to Grover about. Just a couple moments ago she realized this was exactly *why* she was hesitant on pursuing things with him.

That thought made her mind head into another direction- Tom. After she grasped the golden snitch, her eyes swept over to him, only to see him not there.

"So-erm. Would you like to go to Madam Puddifoot's shop? They have a great lunch menu there." Alex's heart stopped beating for just a second until she had to breath. Madam Puddifoot's? That was here...in this time?

Oh, Merlin.

Grover chuckled and took her arm, heading her toward the familiar looking restaurant. "Come on, I know you probably don't know what its like, but let me tell you, its wonderful. You should see it on Valentine's day."

Her face paled thinking back to the day she went out with Justin on Valentine's day to Madam Puddifoot's restaurant. It was an absolute nightmare.

Before she stepped foot in the store, her hairs on her neck stood up and she twisted her head around to look around the small wizarding town. But there was no one there. "Come on, Alex." Grover growled, pulling her inside the restaurant.

Her eyes widened in horror and disbelief. This couldn't be happening! No. Not again. The whole interior was done in whites, pinks, and frilly materials. Different from her time's, but the same theory.

"Trust me, you will get used to the interior. After awhile, it kind of soothes you." He took her hand and led her to a booth right by the window. Alex took the menu and put it in front of her face to make sure no one saw her by passing the window. Unfortunately, Grover decided to sit next to her rather than across from her.

"You should try the lasagna, it's really good." Grover nodded at the steaming picture of the food on the menu.

Alex took a deep breath and looked over the menu. She was hungry... and would rather sit in the feminine restaurant than to deny her angry stomach anymore. A big, fat, juicy burger sounded good. With salty fries and maybe a coke. But then again, Madam Puddifoot's restaurant probably didn't serve muggle food.

"Can I take your order?" She slowly glanced up at the waitress and almost choked on her own spit. The woman looked like a man in a woman's dress! And Alex thought *she* looked bad in dresses.

"Umm, could-,"

"We would both like to get the lasagna with a glass of milk, please." Grover announced, taking the menu out of Alex's limp fingers.

How dare he? She couldn't believe he just ordered for her. Now this had gone to far. It would seem the more you get to know Mr. Grover, the more you saw how awful the man was. And milk? Sure she liked an occasional milk, but Merlin, she was in the mood for something more... well, more fattening. A *milkshake* perhaps. Chocolate.

What an...

A weight settled around her shoulders and her body tensed as it was pulled toward Grover. "Isn't this fun? I'm glad you could take the time to go out with me." She slowly moved her gaze to the arm around her and back to the chest she was pressed up against.

Before she could hex the man's balls off, screaming was heard from the other customers as they ran out of the restaurant in fright. She looked around Grover's chest at them, not seeing the source of their fright. Hopefully it was something... suspenseful. Anything would be better than to sit here, listening to his voice.

"What in Merlin's name..." Grover's voice shook as he clutched harder to Alex. "Merlin!" He was shaking uncontrollably and Alex couldn't see *his* source of fright. "*Alex!* Something is moving up my-my legs."

Then she heard it, and saw it. A hissing laugh filled her ears as a black reptile head peaked itself from underneath the table cloth. Red snake eyes glowed as it made its way around Grover in amusement.

It was a large snake, about six feet long. A king Cobra by the looks of it, a black one. It had grey markings across its scales and a few green scales scattered here and there. Its hood was a shimmering emerald color that when hitting the light, turned a glittering silver.

Grover and the snake's red eyes met and the Ravenclaw opened his mouth only to scream hysterically in a high pitched tone. She heard the snake hiss with laughter and Grover removed his hand from Alex and jumped up- far away from the snake. Without so much as a glance at Alex, the man ran out the restaurant.

"Fool, how could you possibly agree to go out with him?" The snake hissed in Parseltongue and Alex had the strangest hunch it was...

"Tom? What in the bloody hell are you doing?" He had no right to disrupt her date with Grover.

"I was saving you from suicide, Alex. Or, did you want to sit and enjoy the fuzzy pink table cloths and his arm around you? Wouldn't you rather have the comforting weight of a cobra around your... petite frame?" With that said the snake, or rather Tom, slithered around Alex's waist twisting all the way up and around her neck. The cool scales felt good against her warm skin and she met his red eyes.

"Petite my arse. You just got rid of my source of dinner, why would I thank you for that?" Her stomach rumbled in proof and Tom chuckled.

"Let me treat you then." She raised her eyebrows and scratched him underneath his chin. He was a gorgeous Animagus.

"Will it be as good as lasagna? And a glass of milk?"

"I don't think I can compete with that, but I can try, little one." She glared heatedly at the smug King Cobra who was bathing in the sunlight hitting his scales and the massage Alex was giving him.

"Miss? Could you please take your...snake out of the restaurant?" Tom's hood flared out as he hissed in the waitress' direction in warning. The man-woman back off and wiggled her way toward the kitchens, looking fearfully over her broad shoulder at the hissing cobra.

Alex sighed and tried to get out the booth, but to no success. "Tom." Half his body was wrapped around her, and the other half was dragging on the floor. Red eyes looked at her as to say 'Deal with it.' She growled and braced her hands on the pink table and pushed herself up. He was heavy, really heavy... yet there was something oddly comforting about the weight.

"At least wrap the rest of yourself around me. That way I don't have to drag your royal arse all over the place." She was aware of all the eyes on her as she left the restaurant, but she didn't give a damn. What was her business stayed her business. Her steps were like baby strides as she had Tom wrapped around herself, and she was aware of the wondering body around her own. The snake kept

tightening itself around her and making odd hissing sound, almost a purr like hiss.

Looking around, she disappeared between two shops in a dark alley way. There was no way should would be his bloody carter all day. "*Change, you arrogant prick.*"

"Language." Tom hissed as he straightened out in his human form. Now that she looked at him-the more he resembled a snake more than anything else. His body was lean and tall, but his face hadn't morphed into his snake features...yet.

Alex put her hands on her hips and smirked. "So?" She was hungry. Skipping breakfast for the nerves that had dominated her appetite and then Tom scarring away her lunch.

His cheekbones were pronounced as he gave a toothy smirk. She watched as his sharp Adam's apple bobbed before wetting his lips. "So? So what?" He took a flirting step closer and looked down at her through his dark hair.

"You know- I'm honored that you came to my Quidditch game, but I don't think I will be playing anymore if I die of starvation." The air was cold outside, but she didn't notice it with the sudden rush of adrenaline going through her at the bickering her and Tom were doing.

"I rarely ever heard someone die of not eating for a whole four hours, Alex." His turquoise eyes were sparkling again...such a change from his normal unemotional face. "I'm guessing you want me to buy you some *chubby treats*." His voice was thick with amusement as he flicked off a piece of imaginary flint from his velvet cloak.

Alex huffed and growled. "Chubby- what?" That man...

"Chubby treats, Alex. Let me guess. You will want a large bowl of homemade vanilla ice cream with two scoops of strawberries on the top, am I correct? And let's not forget the hidden desire of washing all that down with a thick chocolate milkshake." Her eyes widened at his daring success in guessing what she would get.

He took lazy steps toward her and pretty soon he had his hands touching her sides. "I'm so surprised how you stay so thin." Playfully he tickled her stomach and she snorted in laughter. That was one of her weaknesses that he discovered during their training. And the prick decided to use it against her.

The stone wall slammed against her back as Tom assaulted her even more, but the harsh tickling died down into a caress and her eyes snapped open. He was looking down at her with that unreadable stare of his and very slowly he lowered his head to hers. She felt the warm breath hit her face with every rise of his chest. This couldn't be happening. Not Tom and her. But her traitorous body yearned for his touch and she admired and respected him...so what if she moved her lips forward to lock with Tom?

No. If this...*this* thing between her and Tom advanced she needed answers.

Placing her palms against his chest- she pushed him as hard as she could away from her. The Slytherin hissed in displeasure and scowled at her underneath his mussed hair. "What the hell Al-,"

"I'm not going to play your game anymore, Tom." She pushed herself against the wall and held her chin up high. This time around, *he* would get a lecture. "I tired of it. Absolutely sick with the riddle you give me to solve that ends up being a complete cycle. I don't mind the relationship we have during lessons, but out of those classes, you aren't very smart." She was hard on him, she knew. The knowledge of Tom never having a relationship in his life was floating in her mind, and yet here she was picking that cord of his life.

Tom was flushing from anger and his magic was making her hair stand up.

"I am confused on how you know so much about me- which I have never told you about. How do you know I'm a Potter? Why do you look at me with so much understanding? Why are you playing games with my emotions? You want to go out with me and start a relationship, yet you deny my invitation to the Halloween ball. You interrupt my date with Grover out of... of what? Jealousy?" She

paused and looked cross eyed at him. "Stop sending me mixed signals, Tom."

Snow flakes started to fall from the light drizzle and she turned to leave him to ponder on what she said. Instead of getting anywhere, a strong hand gripped her roughly around the wrist and slammed her back against the wall. Tom's eyes were blazing as he bent his face equal to hers.

"You want all those answers, Alex? I'll be glad to get them off my chest." He was hissing the 's' syllables causing spit to land on her face. "After I heard that you were from the future and that you hated my future self that day in *The Three Broomsticks*, I wanted to know *everything*, not just the half told truth from you. I broke in your chest and stole your diary to obtain that truth." Anger swelled up in Alex as this came out, but Tom placed a hand over her mouth.

"I thought it was rather equal in decency, Alex. You knew everything about me that I've tried to keep secret my whole life. It was only fair to know every detail about your past. After I visualized the events, I was horrified at what I would become. I was scared for the first time in my life. The Horcruxes I've made were thought to be a step toward immortality and power, not a step toward being a cold, cruel, killer." She was speechless as she saw his eyes angrily mist over. "I don't want to become Lord Voldemort. I have always dreamt of becoming someone with amazing talents and knowledge that the wizarding world looked up at with respect, not an insane man bent on world domination." Tom broke off and bent his head, brushing his hair against her cheek.

"After I viewed that memory I convinced myself that I would *never* turn out like that. I stopped creating more Horcruxes and seeing Lord Grindelwald against his wishes. And then I saw you in a new light. You had been through so much with my future self, yet you took the time to get to know *me*. You saw under my mask and accepted I wasn't Lord Voldemort yet." His head went back up and he looked at her with such emotion...

"I thought maybe I could train you, train you to kill Lord Voldemort and make my soul rest in peace. That is until I think about it more often

and know with my selfish desire I can't let you out of my grasp... and also it's impossible with my Horcruxes so closely protected. It would take years to discover the rest." He looked at her and gave a heartless shrug. "I decided I would somehow keep the memory of you even when you leave."

Alex shook her head. "That won't work, Dumbledore-,"

"Set up a ward that would erase everyone's memory of you the moment you leave? Yes, I know. But there are always counter work, Alex. Always. I can find it."

"It still wouldn't work. How do you expect Lord Voldemort to grow soft with the memory of me? I am nothing special to him-,"

He interrupted her hoarsely. "No, but you are very important to me, Alex. You have affected me the moment I laid eyes on you... as corny as that sounds. You are so unlike all the other women." He clutched his teeth and his nostrils flared. "Before I knew you, I thought women were cheap entertainment, but you... you are much more. Your magic is compatible to mine... you made me see my flaws in my goals for more power." His voice was thick with passion and he gazed in her eyes, trying to make her see.

She clutched at Tom's cloak and whimpered. Everything seemed to go out of control at the moment. "Tom, you denied my invitation-,"

"Screw the bloody invitation, Potter. I *like* you. I want you to *want* to go with me. I knew you just asked me to repay your debt to me that night of the full moon. So I waited patiently and finally acquired your attention." His cold hands rubbed her cheeks in a caress. She hoped he didn't notice her bottom lip trembled with need.

"Tom." She didn't know what to do nor say. Nothing could shock her anymore than his confessions. Under that stoic mask of power, sureness, knowledge... was just a scared, young man. Scared of becoming a monster in the future- after having such a horrible past. Scared of losing everything he held dear.

He gave a low growl in his throat and covered his lips over hers. It was one of her first kisses, excluding Ron's back home. Compared to

her red haired friend, *this* was more...sensual, erotic and mature. His cold fingers slid from her cheek to her hair, bunching the silky hair in his fists, bringing her closer. They seemed to need more contact, but not gaining anymore inches considering they were already flattened against one another.

She brought her hands around his neck and caressed the back of his nape and the stray hairs sticking out messily.

PAGEBREAK

(FINALLY A POINT OF VIEW WITH OUR FAVORITE DARK LORD)

He didn't plan on telling her everything, but he knew she had to know sometime. And when she looked so cute standing all hot-headed, demanding answers, he gave in to his weakness. That led to where he was now, ravishing the woman he had wanted so badly to touch and caress for so long.

She was everything to him. Smart, beautiful, powerful, humorous, kind, sly, mischievous, and by the Gods... she was *his*. No more Grover Harrison in her future now that he stated his claim on her.

He broke for breath because he had to and looked down at those large, expressive eyes. They both were in for a hard road ahead of them, but he would make it through. He had to...wanted to. A couple of weeks ago he realized that he could see himself with Alex by his side for all eternity. It was that alien emotion he thought he would never experience in his lifetime, *love*. He could've expressed this feeling to her, but he was afraid of the consequences leading after it.

Her Magic and his, swirled together around their bodies making a cocoon of energy around them. Emerald and Crimson untied finally. Compatible Magic. After so many questions about his Magic making a fool out of itself around hers, he had finally looked it up in the library.

They were partners, meant for each other. Another word that could be used to describe it was mates, but then again Compatible Magic couples could also be enemies or the same gender. In the end though, the partners and their magic were stronger when united romantically- sexually.

His eyes surveyed her face which was flushed and winded for air. Bloody hell, he would never get enough of her. Lord Grindelwald would claim that love was weak, but to him, love was something that made him stronger. He felt giddy around her and reckless...protective and possessive, but those were mostly all the negative aspects that he had around her. But the positive outweighed the negative by the overwhelming power surrounding them both. Of course, power wasn't all that mattered to him. No, he finally had the one person that was compatible with himself.

Together they were indestructible, and Tom would be damned if he ever left her go. *That* certain issue wouldn't be discussed with Alex anytime soon. If he couldn't find the counter active for Dumbledore's ward, he would ground her here. The emerald necklace around her throat was her ticket out of the year 1944. Without it, she would be stuck here... so what happened if her necklace suddenly disappeared?

His eyes were studying and memorizing every part to her features. The caress she had on the nape of his neck was oddly comforting and erotic at the same time. With gentle hands he ran his cold touch down her jaw and neck in a possessive manner. Taking her delicate chin in his grasp he tenderly touched his lips to her soft ones once again.

She was his drug, and he knew he would be her own drug with time. Something sparked inside him to know he finally had Alexandra Quinn Potter as *his own*. The kiss was so innocent, but it already felt better than the time he spent with Brenda Marigold or any other woman. Alex was so exhilarating and his magic agreed with him readily. Before he could do anything much deeper he heard a gasp in the opening to the alley way.

He already knew who it was, but he watched Alex's face as she turned to see who the intruder was. Another alien emotion filtered through him as she pushed him away and took off running after Godiva Ramsey. It could of been anger, but he was intuned with that emotion. After watching her pause in her chase after the werewolf and look at him behind her shoulder with those large green eyes he loved so much... he realized that he was feeling alone.

Loneliness was something he had bitterly accepted in his youth, but with Alex it made him even more subdued. "Thank you, Tom." With that she left and he had a vision of her walking out of his life for good. His hands clenched at his sides in anger. He wouldn't let that happen. Damned if he hurt Alex in the process of keeping her at his side, he would do it in a heartbeat.

After all they've been through, Alex belonged with him.

His face tilted to the sky. Never before had he noticed the snowflake's gentle touch as they floated down upon his face, or the bitter cold that stung to his lips and fingers. With Alex, he had finally woken up to the world around him.

A lone and barely noticeable tear leaked down his cheek as he clenched his turquoise eyes shut. Something rumbled deep in his chest and steadily got louder. His face broke out in a smile and he laughed, still clutching his eyes closed.

He was in love with Alexandra.

Happy New Year.

Chapter 17: Seeing Through his Eyes

Harsh breathing filled the compact potions room. It was dark and dreary but the occupant didn't mind one bit. A tall candle stick was sharing its flame for his reading. His focus was on the two recipes in front of him that may or may not protect him against that old fool's ward.

It had to work. Countless of nights he stayed up looking through potion's texts, only to see if combining the two would work. It was a very difficult potion to brew, but he was capable of brewing anything.

Maybe it was because he was so desperate, or maybe because he was focused on the raven haired beauty he confessed his attraction to today... but within seconds the caldron blew up and he barley had time to duck.

The potion stung his cheek and the fumes were inhaled deeply in his lungs. Having no idea why it was making him dizzy all of a sudden, he rolled his eyes in the back of his head and collapsed on the stone floor.

For the next few minutes he had visions of *her*.

--TMRAQP--

A lone silhouette was sitting in the window sill to the Gryffindor 6th year dorms. Her large, emerald eyes were watching as the hefty flakes of snow gracefully fell from the skies. No one witnessed as she caressed her lips with her finger or her expression as she replayed the events that transpired today.

She confronted Godiva after she witnessed Tom kissing her in the dark alleyway. And Alex shivered as she remembered the conversation.

"How can you do this, Alex? Did he force this upon you?" She sounded hysterical as she paced in front of Alex in their dorm.

"He didn't force anything on me, Godiva. I just don't understand why you're so mad-,"

"Mad? Alex- he's Riddle. He's an arrogant prick that doesn't deserve love or anything of the sort."

Alex instantly felt a protective flare go through her at her friend's words. "Don't say that, Godiva. Tom deserves anything I give him. Be it love, or kindness, he had a tough past. Maybe you should just give him a chance like I did."

Godiva's amber eyes looked at her in disbelief. "Give him a chance? Alex- the whole year you two were bickering back and forth. I thought you hated each other-," She paused and looked lost. "Is that why? You two were...flirting? Is that his way to show you that he likes you? To pick on you? And vice-versa?"

Alex shifted and looked away from her friend. It did seem that way. Tom had always nagged on her and her on him. Did they always have this...this relationship hidden deep within them? Were they destined to be together? Tom was saying something about their magic being compatible.

Turning her eyes back on her friend, Alex gave an innocent shrug. "I don't know, Godiva. I don't think Tom is much of a flirt type."

The werewolf sighed loudly and shook her head. "I need time to think about his, Alex." Without another word, she left the room.

Alex thought it was a good step forward if Godiva was thinking about the whole thing and not demanding that she leave Tom. Because the Potter heir knew, that if it came down between choosing Tom and Godiva, well, her friend wouldn't want to be around her anymore.

Her black curls swept in her face as she unbound her binder. She started to massage her scalp, loving the feeling of relaxation it gave her. It wasn't a surprise that she had received a headache after today, with all the events that had lain out before her.

Tom. Her thoughts were centered on him. She was...*happy*. There was no other word for it. She felt the attraction and the emotional

bond they had, and when his lips latched on to hers, well, she knew this was right.

It shocked her when Tom confessed to her today. He seemed so open to her and in tune with his emotions. He had Horcruxes at the moment, but not seven. Every time he split his soul, his emotions would dwindle and die. That was what Voldemort was in her time- a soulless creature.

She had doubts though. What would happen when she left? He would forget everything and she would remember every last detail of their time together. It would be a strain on her when she faced Voldemort on the battlefield again, knowing he had feelings like every other human.

But there was one other option.

Her fingers trembled as they caressed her necklace around her neck. It was the only way to stay with him. She knew she would have a great life here, but her sense of duty was too strong. Without Dumbledore, the wizarding world needed order. And she was their key.

A voice taunted her inside her mind. *But would she actually go through killing Voldemort when she got back?*

Alex huffed and cleared her head. When it was time to leave, she would leave.

The same voice chuckled in disbelief and her necklace blinked twice without her knowledge.

--TMRAQP--

A mouth landed on her neck and Alex gave a small exhale of breath. The library was empty, and for once she was glad for that fact. Sliding her hands through the messy black hair at her neck, she gave a chuckle as she felt gentle teeth nibble on her skin.

“Tom- stop.” Those artistic hands settled on her upper arms and squeezed before meeting her eye to eye. She didn’t think she would ever get used to the turquoise eyes glittering with such emotion.

It was almost a month since they-or rather Tom- confessed his feelings for her. And in that time, Alex noticed that the more Tom was around her, his whole aura lightened. And thanks to Tom, Alex could actually see his overwhelming aura that encircled with hers all the time. Each day the emerald magic grew brighter and brighter, and she had a hunch that with the strong emotion he was feeling, the more his soul drained back into him from his Horcruxes.

And she was in love with him. He was in love with her- even when he refused to say those three words.

So why couldn’t she take her damn necklace off her neck?

“We’re done here. I want you to get ready for the Christmas dance tonight. Wear the dress I got you- and of course wear your hair down.” His voice was commanding as he settled in the chair next to hers. Even if his damn aura was brighter; he was still arrogant as ever.

“Yes, Tom.” She closed the books on wandless magic and started to pack up.

Over the past few weeks she succeeded in feeling her magic and the others surrounding her, she could defend her mind against a Legilimencer, and control some of the shadows surrounding her. Tom was an excellent teacher, full of knowledge and patience. But they still had a lot of work to do.

Before she exited the library, twin arms pulled at her waist and she lightly collided with the lithe chest. A cold hand lifted her chin lightly and his lips brushed against hers in a whisper. “I want you all to myself tonight. No dances with any others.” His arm tightened possessively around her waist and she smirked up at him.

“What will I tell all those disappointed wizards?” He growled, his eyes glowing brightly with that fierce emotion he had worn these past few weeks.

"*You're mine.*" He hissed in Parselmouth, tugging her roughly and those lips were on hers a little more fiercely than before. Alex gave an inward chuckle at his behavior and slid her arms around his high neck. They had never gone farther than snogging senseless- which Alex was slightly grateful for. She didn't think she was ready for... well, for *that*.

His tongue snaked out and caressed her bottom lip.

"Excuse me; the library is no place for teenage *activities*." The two broke off and looked over at the passing professor.

Alex blushed while Tom narrowed his eyes at the intruder. "I'll see you tonight, Tom." Standing on her tip-toes she lightly kissed his chin. She loved watching as his eyes lit up just by her presence.

Leaving before she could do anymore damage, she went to get ready for the Christmas ball.

--TMRAQP--

Tom played at his tie around his neck on his stiff dress robes once again. He absolutely hated balls and dress robes *period*. But he had something special in mind tonight and he thought the ball would be a good beginning.

But he couldn't comprehend the nervous feeling going through him at the moment. He had never been nervous in all his life, and now he was feeling it over a woman. But a special woman at that. She was everything he wanted in a consort; she was his soul mate, even though he preferred not to get mushy and emotional about it.

Tonight, he would ask her to stay with him. Take that damn necklace off for him and remake the future. No matter how much he had experimented, he couldn't find a counter curse for Dumbledore's damned ward. And Tom *knew* there was a counter jinx for everything. The closest he had ever gotten was the potion he brewed that exploded in his face. But he could never seem to get it right.

So, throwing all that away, he would confess his *love* for her. He shivered at that. He was in a bloody script. Say it once, and that was all he needed to do. But he just needed her with him.

Once, when he was younger, he vowed never to depend on someone so much. And yet, he was standing in front of the Gryffindor Common Room, waiting on the woman he wanted to spend eternity with.

The fists at his side clutched and he took a deep breath of air. They would be powerful together. Defeating Dumbledore and Grindelwald, they would be looked up on by the rest of the wizarding world. Now if only Tom could convince Alex of purifying the purebloods from the muggles...

The door opened and Tom snapped his head to the side, wiping away the sweat on his hands. Alex stepped out and she looked absolutely stunning... and Slytherin. Beautiful curly hair was swept across her shoulder and her dress that Tom picked out was just perfect on her. Black and Emerald. (A/N: Please go to my profile and see the dress image- It's cute, in my eyes at least)

She took a step toward his direction and almost fell down. His turquoise eyes brightened in amusement as he realized she was wearing the heels he sent for her.

"You look beautiful, my love." He swept at her side and took her waist.

She gave that un-lady like snort and took his offered arm. "And you look smashing. I love the dress, thank you." She paused and Tom knew what was coming next. "But I don't know about the heels, I'm afraid I'll be tripping all night from them."

He chuckled and clutched her tighter, an unconscious act he seemed to be doing a lot lately. "You fall no matter what is on your feet, Potter. You're as graceful as a new born hippogriff."

Without looking at her, he knew those Slytherin green eyes were glaring daggers at him. "Just because we aren't all graced with your unnatural poise, doesn't mean we're all useless." She poked at his side in her usual playful gesture and Tom rolled his eyes upward.

“How many times have I told you I’m not as ticklish as you? That poking thing you do, doesn’t affect me at all.”

She gave a cheeky smile. “Of course it does, you go crazy with just the slightest of my touches. Admit it.” He turned back toward her and studied her face. Something was *off* about tonight. Everything seemed perfect, and yet there was a tension in the magic around them.

“You caught me, Alexandra.” She gave a laugh and poked him roughly in the ribs, again.

They arrived in the Great Hall where it was lavishly decorated in whites and blacks. A winter theme, rather than a Christmas one. Which Tom was grateful for. He despised Christmas, it reminded him too many times of his orphanage days.

He caught Godiva Ramsey’s eyes across the hall and inclined his head. She was escorted by Christopher from Hufflepuff. Even if he didn’t approve of the werewolf, Alex did and in turn, the wolf accepted Alex’s relationship with him. Her eyes widened, but she nodded back eventually.

Grover Harrison was flirting with a girl from Ravenclaw and Tom gave a smirk. It would seem his interest in Alex was non-existent. He was afraid of snakes, and Alex was a serpent. They would never be good for each other.

Pipa Harrison and Addison Clayborne were talking at a nearby table, clearly involved with just each other. Tom hoped they would get married soon, all their tension was starting to spread around the school.

His eyes then landed on the desert table and he tugged at Alex. “Come on, I see some delicious chubby treats calling your name.” She stiffened beneath his hold and Tom suppressed a laugh. No matter if she was mad at the way he stated her eating disorder, she kept quiet when her eyes landed on the chocolate surprises.

They had a good time, even Tom had a good time- which he was surprised at. Alex always proved good company, hilarious yet under

control at the same time. She did in fact, fall once during the night when Tom was gathering her some eggnog from the bowl. He had evidently started to laugh at her shocked face, and laughed harder when she turned her glare on him. He didn't remember the last time he had laughed like this...

But now was the time. He had to confront her about their relationship, and what they were going to do.

"Come. I want to talk with you." He stood up from their table and held his hand out to her. She was tired, her eyes drooping, but they sprang alert when he said this. She almost looked uncertain whether she wanted to take his hand or not. Tom sighed as he took her arm gently and guided her out in the deserted classroom.

"What are you doing?" He didn't like the slight fear in her voice, so he took her in her arms. A gesture that provided *him* not as much comfort as he wanted.

"You know that you've changed me- right? As corny as that sounds, you've shined the light on my mistakes for gaining power. I was a fool to think that Horcruxes would actually make me a better Dark Lord. Instead they tore my soul away making me an insane monster." He felt her tense in his arms, but he didn't let her go.

"I believed I would exit Hogwarts, my only home, and continue on my path to absolute power. I wouldn't need anyone, nor anything. But you showed up and my views for my future are blurry." He was well aware that his voice hitched to a passionate tone, but he didn't care. His words were in too deep to stop now.

"What are you trying to say, Tom?" She was smart. He gave her that. The hold never ceased around her.

"I'm saying, you belong with me. With our compatible magic and our similar pasts and futures." He paused and let her go. Standing clueless in the middle of the room, she still looked stunning to him.

Striking out his hand, he pushed back his cloak and got on one knee. He could see from her face that she knew what he was doing. So be it. "Alexandra Quinn Potter, will you stay with me for all eternity, to

take my name and stand by my side?" He paused and looked at her with the stare he knew she could never resist.

"I love you, Alex. Will you marry me?" He inwardly cringed at his words. At least he only had to do this one time around. Thank Merlin for that.

Her mouth was open, the same expression he scolded her for showing too much emotion. Ignoring it, Tom took his Marvolo Gaunt ring off his right ring finger and held it up to her gaze.

"I offer you my Horcrux to symbolize my commitment to you, and my word that I will cease to create any more soul dividing curses." Immediately her face expression closed off and even with his tickle of Legilimency, he couldn't understand what her reaction meant.

Maybe it was inappropriate to offer his Horcrux as the engagement ring? Did she want a large gem instead?

Then *it* happened. He thought Alex would never do this, but he was, unfortunately, wrong. Tears welled up in those green eyes of hers and she bit her lip to keep from sobbing. "Alex, please. Don't cry." Plus, if she started to cry, his arm would get tired from holding up the Marvolo ring. But even his cynical side was silent in order to hear her reaction, he *needed her*.

She wiped underneath her eyes and cleared her throat. His eyes watched as her jaw set in the familiar gesture of determination. Please don't do this, Alex. Not to me.

"Tom." He kept absolutely still while he stared right back at her. "You have no idea how much your gesture meant to me. Of course I'll marry you, you git." Inside, Tom's heart dived to his stomach and then rose back up through his throat. But *he* wasn't going to cry, was he?

Standing up again, he grabbed her face with both hands and crashed her lips against his. This feeling inside of him was starting to get awfully familiar when around Alex.

And finally, he welcomed it.

They separated and he gave a laugh at their situation. How terrible they were together, yet so perfect. She was trembling with feeling and he could feel the slight tremble in his hands as he took her fingertips in his. With a gentle movement, he slid the Horcrux on her finger. It wouldn't harm her unless the part of the soul was being touched by unfamiliar hands, but Alex was acknowledged by him.

What happened next made his diving heart falter. The ring, which was sizes too large on her left ring finger, started to shrink to a compressing size and the necklace around her neck started to shine like a golden halo.

"No." He trembled and flung his wand out of his pocket. But he knew there was no spell that could stop this...

"Tom- take it off. Take the necklace off." She seemed panicked, and Tom tried to stay calm as she started to fade before him. Barely with out much time, she swept her hair up and turned her neck toward Tom.

He seethed. "*Bloody hell*, Alex. There is **no** clasp."

This whole thing was a bloody set-up. Just to get his Gaunt ring. She played with his emotions, and fled with his soul. Literally.

She was nothing but a faded outline, but he saw her fall to her knees before him. How could he ever fall for this? He had been a fool, a righteous fool. Grindelwald was right. Love was weak, and those who loved were fools.

Turquoise eyes swirled crimson as he hissed angrily at the faded memory.

"Please, Tom. I had nothing to do with this! Dumbledore he-," But her voice faded and the form started to dissolve more before him.

Instantly, Tom back away and ceased his anger. Was it true? What if this was all Dumbledore? He could've used Alex-

Tom Riddle blinked and looked around the room in curiosity. How did he get in here? It was all...*dirty*. His thin hands brushed at his new

dress robes in disgust. Where was Brenda Marigold? They were late for the awful Christmas ball he had to attend, due to being the Head Boy.

As he turned to leave, he paused for a moment.

He seemed empty inside...

A smile spread across his lips.

He loved it.

His fingers caressed his ring finger and paused. His small heart started to beat with emotion. *Fear*. Bringing up his hand, his crimson speckled eyes stared at the bare finger in disbelief.

A scream of rage filled the small, empty room.

Chapter 18: Why?

For a moment, she sat there on her knees, looking up at the spot Tom used to be standing. But no matter how hard she imagined, he was gone.

Her eyes slid down to the ring on her finger, only to notice it was back to its original size before he put it on. So many questions and emotions were blurring inside her mind at the moment, she couldn't pin-point her true feelings.

Sad, no- anguished, at being torn from Tom. He was her only lifeline; he was the only one who understood her. And now they were never to see each other again. She shook her head. Yes, they would see each other again.

But right now, she had to see exactly *why* Dumbledore brought her back just for the ring he had already destroyed. Why would he seek out this Horcrux if it was already gone? She remembered vividly that it was destroyed. Dumbledore's hand was proof of that, it was ash black...

Her eyes widened. Maybe... no. She gave a nervous laugh and shook her head in disbelief at her silly notion. It couldn't be...

Could it?

"Girl!" Alex started as heavy thumps were making their way up the stairs. It sounded like her uncle. Merlin, she hadn't heard that voice for so long.

She stood up shakily and looked down at her outfit. She was wearing the usual Dudley's attire, and not the dress Tom had given her. And the necklace was nowhere to be seen. Tears welled up in her eyes at the memory of Tom thinking she had betrayed her. *But what did it matter?* She thought bitterly. Tom would never remember her.

"Potter, open up the damn door." She would have to deal about her emotions later. Right now, she had to face reality. At least, that's what Tom told her to do.

Tom.

She turned uncertainly to see if her trunk was there, and it was... Nothing made sense.

The banging at her door grew louder and Alex opened it cautiously. "Yes?" Her uncle was purple in the face as he looked down at her.

"Since you've had Dudley's last doughnut, you won't be getting any dinner, you got that?" Alex blinked in confusion and then her eyes widened.

Not even an hour had passed during her time.

"Yes." That was all she could say, her tongue was heavy and dry with uncertainty. She didn't see her uncle's eyes widen at her lack of protest, since she slammed the door on his face.

What the bloody hell was happening? She had to get out of here.

Throwing all her belongings in her trunk, she threw on her Hogwarts cloak and took her wand out. Something black caught her eyes and she looked down at her diary. Her hands shook severely as she opened it to the latest entry.

The tanned face immediately turned white as she noticed the last time she had written in it was August 5th. There was no account on what happened when she arrived at the year 1944.

It was if everything was erased from that time... as if it were a dream. The only thing that kept her sane was her memories and the Marvolo ring still settled on her ring finger... the same ring Tom had proposed with.

A violent hiss escaped her lips as she slammed her trunk shut. Dumbledore did something...this whole thing wasn't for a vacation. How could she be so naïve?

Grabbing the end of the trunk, she wheeled it down the steps, ignoring her relative's yells at the noise. Screw them.

Once she was outside, she ignored the stares she was getting from the neighbors and threw up her hood. Tom would click his tongue at her foolish actions for drawing unwanted attention. But her lover wasn't here right now. He was probably out killing innocents and brainwashing more followers.

Shooting her wand hand out, the Knight Bus arrived with a slam. "Thank you for choosing the K-,"

"Shut it, Stan. Leaky Cauldron." She dug out the more than enough change for the ride and brushed past him. Occupants were snoring loudly at the back, so she decided to sit sulkily up to the front. Her eyes landed on her large trunk and decided it would be a pain if she had to tug it around.

With a lazy, nonverbal spell, the trunk shrunk and she placed it safely in her pocket. She could feel Stan's stare on her, but she ignored it. There would be no use if he noticed her presence on the bus today. If something happened for the worse, she didn't want anyone tracking her down.

Like Tom?

"Did you hear the good news?" Stan's thick accented voice reached her ears, and Alex tried not to grumble in annoyance.

"Cant say that I have." He was probably going to grace her with this *good* news. Nothing could be good. Well, maybe Lord Voldemort loosing his magic and serving tea to the local orphans.

"Albus Dumbledore is alive." For a moment, she forgot to breath and her heart stopped.

"I-impossible." She was glad for her hood, because if he saw her white face he might've called a medic. Something she did not want.... bloody hell. She was going to faint.

"Yeah! Apparently they found Dumbledore locked up in the dungeons at Hogwarts. They were spectacle at first, until they dug up his grave and found that the imposter who died was using Polyjuice Potion." She couldn't breath. "Dumbledore states he was attacked when his

back was turned. No one says exactly why the culprits didn't just kill him."

It all made sense now. The Dumbledore that was with her at the time was not really Dumbledore. It was an imposter. She should've realized that. The man didn't seem like himself at the time...

And now...

Her eyes landed on her ring again and shivered. Dumbledore was dying from the Horcrux he touched. In turn, he locked himself up and sent her back in time to gather the object that landed his future death. Now that she had the ring, and Tom Riddle didn't, Dumbledore would have never laid hands on it in the past.

And now...

He was cured. He was back in full power, probably looking for the Gaunt ring.

She gave a strangled cry and started to heave. That old man... he played with her. He played with her emotions and Tom's. They were just players in his chess game. How could he? Was he that selfish?

Yes.

But how? How did he know that Tom would give her his Horcrux?

Briefly, she remembered when she arrived in the year 1944 she asked him *how* this was all happening. He then responded...

"I have my ways." With that damn twinkle...

He manipulated her. He manipulated her emotions... This, this was...

A tear slid down her flushed, embarrassed cheeks. She was a fool, a fool that moved accordingly to Dumbledore's tugs and pulls. Her strings were held in his lazy hands. And she played just how he predicted.

“Are you alright, miss?” Stan’s voice was disorientated in her ears as she slouched her shoulders in thought. She sat there for a moment...thinking, flooding in self pity.

And then she raised her chin in determination. This was war. No one played her for a fool. And certainly no one took away her loved ones with selfish motives. She would play Dumbledore’s game of chess...and damn her if she lost.

Lord Voldemort was wondering the underskirts of the wizarding world, looking for his Gaunt ring and destroying anyone in his path...he wouldn’t help her. Especially when he didn’t remember their time together.

It appeared she was alone. Ron and Hermione were just children. They wouldn’t understand what she felt for Lord Voldemort, they would question her why she was angry at Dumbledore for what he did. And they would look at her oddly when she said Voldemort had feelings too, he was human.

I love you, Tom. I will do this for you.

With that, her mind locked up and she ceased her feelings. The only thing on her mind was revenge.

Tom would be delighted.

“I’m fine.” She lowered her hood and looked unemotionally at Stan. The boy’s eyes widened at her appearance and he gave a goofy laugh.

“Well I’ll be damned. It’s Alex Potter.” With a cold glare, she turned her head and looked out the window. Nothing could make her stray from this plan...nothing.

The bus gave a plunge, but she kept upon the swinging bed. It would seem they arrived at Leaky Cauldron. Dull green eyes looked out the window and a small smirk spread across her lips. It would seem that it was time... they were there.

She unfolded herself from the bed and took large strides to the exit. Nervous butterflies should be fluttering around her stomach, but all she felt was an icy determination. Feelings were useless now, nothing was worth living for anymore.

Nothing.

The sun was shining brilliantly outside- almost mocking her in the activities to follow. Once she stepped on the concrete sidewalk, the bus behind her jolted out of existence and she looked up to meet the eyes of Albus Dumbledore.

He was standing there in all his glory, smiling kindly down at her. There were a few Order members surrounding him, but she didn't study them...her eyes were on *his*. "Aw, Alex. It's good to see you again. I'm glad you had a safe trip." His beard twitched with a knowing smile, but she didn't respond in anyway.

His eyes widened a fraction, but they never lost his twinkle. "As you've probably heard, I am indeed, alive, thanks to your help." He paused and studied her unemotional face. "While you were absent, the Order and I have finally destroyed all Voldemort's Horcruxes. All we need is his Gaunt ring, and I'm sure it's right in front of our faces." He teased and the smile was as wide as she had ever seen it.

She considered this. If she hadn't fallen in love with Tom, she would gladly have given up the ring. But it was too late. She loved Tom and would be damned to save the wizarding world by killing him.

Lifting her chin up, she held her hands eye level with Dumbledore. "I'm afraid I don't know where it went."

That did it. For the first time in her life, she witnessed Dumbledore's face crumble in anguish. Before long, that anguish was replaced with fury. "I think you have a very good guess on where it is. Alex, he is worth nothing, he's nothing but a cold hearted killer."

She gave a shrug and lowered her hands. "That may be, Dumbledore. But you forget that love is a very strong emotion." She made sure her eyes were locked on Dumbledore's. "*I never* betray those I love."

And then it happened.

--TMRAQP--

The heavy weight of the cloth was lifted off her head and face, making the cold air hit her harshly. There were bright lights everywhere, drumming her sensitive eyes the wrong way. No matter how hard she squinted she couldn't seem to see past the lights in front of her.

"Alexandra Potter, you are hereby sentenced to a lifetime imprisonment to Azkaban for treason and working in league with You-Know-Who. Do you have any last saving words?" Her ears picked up the loud murmuring through the audience.

Tight binders were clasped around her wrists in front of her and she wore a tattered grey robe that barely stayed upon her thin shoulders. All this didn't matter, not even the absence of her curly hair upon her head.

What mattered was she was going to Azkaban.

"Potter, I asked you if you had anything to say in your defense?" She knew what that meant. They wanted her to confess where the ring was, and hand it over...thus killing Lord Voldemort in the process.

And then it dawned on her. *She could confess.* Live a whole lifetime happily with her friends and a new love who saw her for herself. She could become something after Hogwarts...a whole education diploma.

Maybe she could have a job at Hogwarts, teaching along side with Remus Lupin or other people she loved? She could have that husband she would always want, and children who looked up to her. She could teach them to be independent for themselves and be played by no one's hand.

And if she confessed...she would kill the man that killed her parents, who also had a hand in killing Sirius. If she confessed she could save so many lives, she could also save Tom Riddle's soul. Yes, she loved Tom Riddle, but he would never love her back. She could confess...

But could she?

Yes, she could confess.

Would she?

A smile blossomed on her lips and her eyes locked on the Minister.

“Rot in hell.”

The last thing she heard were screams of outrage from the wizarding world.

--TMRAQP--

It was cold. That was the first thing she realized that Azkaban was. It also smelt like piss and mold.

She shivered and huddled in the dampest corner of the cell. Her robe was falling off her shoulder, but this time she paid it no heed. It was so cold... Her breath was vapor in front of her face and she gave a small smile.

This is what she got... for loving the Dark Lord; she received a cold cell in return. It was fitting, no?

“You know that you’ve changed me- right? As corny as that sounds, you’ve shined the light on my mistakes for gaining power. I was a fool to think that Horcruxes would actually make me a better Dark Lord. Instead they tore my soul away making me an insane monster.”

She moaned a painful moan as a dementor glided past her cell in excitement.

“You look beautiful, my love.” He swept at her side and took her waist.

This shouldn’t happen. Her thin arms clutched at her head and the teary green eyes slammed shut against the memories.

“I rarely ever heard someone die of not eating for a whole four hours, Alex.” His turquoise eyes were sparkling again...such a change from

his normal unemotional face. "I'm guessing you want me to buy you some chubby treats."

Her breathing went heavy and she desperately wished she could change into her Animagus form, but the Ministry had a new injection against that after they learned Sirius escaped from his Animagus form.

"... and then I saw you in a new light. You had been through so much with my future self, yet you took the time to get to know me. You saw under my mask and accepted I wasn't Lord Voldemort yet." His head went back up and he looked at her with such emotion...

Another four dementors came gliding past her cell, eagerly sucking her happiness, making her witness those memories that caused her so much pain and love.

"Tom." She didn't know what to do nor say. Nothing could shock her anymore than his confessions. Under that stoic mask of power, sureness, knowledge... was just a scared, young man. Scared of becoming a monster in the future- after having such a horrible past. Scared of losing everything he held dear.

He gave a low growl in his throat and covered his lips over hers.

She could almost hear their laughter as she huddled closer to the wall. Her shields were desperately up and her hands balled into fists. The mind shields around her brain were strong and indestructible. She tried to lay them perfectly, not allowing one ounce of her mind out...

"I love you, Alex. Will you marry me?" Tom took his Marvolo Gaunt ring off his right ring finger and held it up to her gaze.

"I offer you my Horcrux to symbolize my commitment to you, and my word that I will cease to create any more soul dividing curses."

Alex's eyes flew open and her mouth widened in a silent scream.

And then her mind blacked out...

--TMRAQP--

A dark throne room was lightened by a small fire in the distance. But the figure didn't huddle near the heat. He was perfectly fine standing in the coldest corner of the room.

Long, pale fingers stroked Nagini's head in a loving caress as he sunk in his light meditation. All his Horcruxes were destroyed, all but one. And he knew exactly which one. The Gaunt ring he once possessed when he was younger. He vaguely remembered that day in which he found his ring gone...he had thought Dumbledore had somehow taken it, but it turned out he was wrong.

Someone had it, and he was very displeased at the game they were playing with him.

But something was pulling at his mind, he tried to dig deeper in his mind at the black hole, but nothing came out.

A knock heard throughout the room and he gave a sigh in annoyance. With a lazy wave, the door opened and the cowering Death Eater staggered inside.

Pathetic.

"What is it?" His tongue hissed the syllables, and his eyes glowed bright as the man shivered.

"Master, have you seen the news?" Despite being afraid of him, the man seemed...gleeful. Perhaps Dumbledore had passed away for good this time.

Bone white fingers took the paper from the shaking fingers and his eyes landed on the picture of Alexandra Potter. Instantly his breath ceased and memories slammed themselves forward from that black hole that seemed so empty before.

With a flash of green light, the Death Eater in front of him was looking blankly up at the ceiling, not witnessing the troubled Dark Lord in front of him.

Chapter 19: Small and Cold, My Heart Beats

“How did that old fool manage this?” A women’s shrill voice filled the small shack and the occupants sneered at the tone.

Two witches and one wizard were lounging on the shabby couch while an older wizard was pacing back and forth, a supple frown formed on his lips. It was impossible, how did Dumbledore manage to fool everyone? It seemed ever Potter wasn’t in on this plan; she could never act in such a way if she knew the old man was indeed, alive.

Bellatrix, Narcissa, and Draco were crowded in his small home, while Pettigrew was slithering around someplace. Not that he was complaining of course. He’d rather not set eyes on that sniveling rat again.

But what bothered him was the fact that Dumbledore was alive once again. The man never stayed where he belonged. Plus, they didn’t have a spy in the Order any more.

“Has our Lord been notified about Potter’s imprisonment?” Draco’s voice sound gleeful, yet there was a hint of confusion in that tone. The blonde would do best to conceal his emotions from everyone... especially since the Dark Lord was in no means happy with the Malfoy heir.

“Of course, Alecto informed him this morning.” Bellatrix gave a sneer and a childish laugh. “Serves that little bitch right.”

Severus looked coldly at her and shook his head. For being such a powerful Lord, his master was making a mistake in keeping *that* in his services. Bellatrix wasn’t right in the head any more than she was when she came back from Azkaban.

“I don’t understand why she was accused, though. I thought she was Dumbledore’s golden girl?” Draco asked uncertainly, and Severus swept over to the fire whiskey, swirling his tumbler with his long fingers.

“She’s withholding the last Horcrux from Dumbledore, Draco. We all know this. The question is, why? And *how*? Potter never hit me as

cunning nor someone who would turn on the old fool-," Severus tapered off in mid sentence with a hiss of pain. He clutched his forearm and swept over to his heavy cloak.

With tense motions, he slid his silver mask on and lifted the hood. "Is he calling you, Severus?" Bellatrix asked, if it wasn't proof enough that he was putting on his uniform.

Snape didn't respond, and waved his hand at the occupants. "You can show yourselves out." Beetle black eyes watched to make sure they left his property before he too, apparated away to his master.

--TMRAQP--

The small underground corridors where empty, save for the usual out lookers. None acted if something was wrong, so Severus comforted in that fact. His Lord might want him to brew potions or complete a task he was so eagerly to attend to.

He inclined his head at the guard by the throne room, and the other let him in. As he step foot in the room, the door behind him slammed shut- sending Severus into the darkness. It took a moment for his eyes to adjust in the barely lit room. But eventually he succeeded and made his way to the throne before him.

The dying embers barley showed the figure upon the bone throne. Yet, Snape made out his Lord. It was unusual for his Lord to wear his hood up in the presence of just a lone Death Eater, and yet, his master had the deep hood securely up, hiding his features. Those glowing crimson eyes were dull as they watched Snape's approach. But there would always be that powerful aura around the man and this time it was no different. His dark emerald magic was swirling lazily around him, but there seemed to be a disturbance.

"I am here to serve, My Lord." Before he got down on his knees, his eyes caught the dead body of Alecto at the side of the room, his lifeless eyes looking no where in particular.

"Severus." The man was gently stroking his serpent's powerful scales and gazing into the embers. He didn't seem inclined to get to the point at any moment too soon.

Snape stayed on his knees, head bowed, yet that didn't stop him from seeing the Prophet clutched in his Lord's other hand. To an outsider, it looked like the paper was forgotten and merrily held for trash, but Severus felt as if the Dark Lord was clutching it in desperation. At least, that's what he got out of it.

"The Potter heir was thrown in Azkaban." It wasn't a question, just a idle statement that Snape felt no inclination to respond to. Yet, he deemed necessary to do so.

"Yes, My Lord. She was." The powerful man's tone didn't reveal anything, and Snape couldn't read one pound of emotion coming from the wizard.

The two sat in silence again, and Snape ignored the sharp pain his knees were going through by kneeling so long. Cold breath from the room was sliding down his arms and back, yet Voldemort didn't seem to mind.

"Why did you join my forces, Severus?" His eyes widened barely a fraction at the question. This was nothing he expected.

"Your ideas to cleanse our world, my Lord. To wipe out the presence of muggles from the wizarding world, and to allow free reign for purebloods and a select few halfbloods. To keep a tight leash over the magical creatures, and the destruction of Dumbledore."

When Snape first was introduced to the Dark Lord, the powerful wizard seduced many followers to come to his side. The Lord was a master at speeches, and convincing. When he spoke, you absorbed every last word and deemed it the truth.

The Dark Lord sat there for a few moments, and his skeleton hand tightened on the Prophet. "Did you honestly expect to rape and slaughter muggleborns like you do today?"

Severus didn't know where this was going, and was unsure why his Lord was asking him these dedicated questions. Did Snape deem loyal in his Lord's eyes? Or was this his usual speech before he killed a Death Eater?

Black eyes glanced at the dead Death Eater and lifted his chin. If he was going to die, so be it. He had nothing to live for but the ways of his Lord. "No, I didn't. My Lord." And he honestly didn't. He despised how they brutally killed and tortured the muggles for no reason, or raped the muggleborns. Earlier years, they had been saner, and more dignified with the killings.

"I think it is time we change our direction, Severus. You deemed loyal to me throughout these years, and have become my right hand man. With your help and talent, we can alter our ways and become the superior race once again." His voice was barley above a raspy whisper, but Snape was once again, seduced by his very voice.

"If I may, my Lord, what caused this...change in direction?" He was uncertain if he was stepping over the line, but being the Dark Lord's right hand man now, he felt it was acceptable for him to ask.

Voldemort waved the hand stroking Nagini sluggishly in the air. "Alas, I have realized my mistakes. What we do, strikes fear in every man and woman. We are supposed to be more superior to them, they are supposed to look up to me and my followers for examples. The world we live in today is contaminated and tainted with unclean blood. We must go back to the old ways, Severus."

And that was what Severus had wanted to hear. He watched as the Death Eaters slowly started to get more malevolence in them, more high with the thought of torture, whilst they forget the real reasons they joined the Dark Lord.

"This pleases you." Again, it wasn't a statement, but an amused comment...and Severus inclined to respond.

"Yes, My Lord. It pleases me greatly. I've always followed your beliefs but over the past few years, forgive me; I have become uncertain with the amount of torture you see fit." The line seemed to be stepped over when Voldemort tensed and crushed the paper again in his fist. Magic swirled threateningly around Severus as if provoking the fear in him to grow.

"Your right, Severus. I have become...uncaring. Yet, I don't think I *will* ever care for muggles, I will step back from the atrocious tortures I

once inflicted.” He paused and Severus allowed his shoulders to relax slightly. “But it seems I have a few followers who enjoy it, do I not?”

Snape detected the sinister tone in his Master’s voice and focused on the pain of his knees instead of the stroking hand on the serpents scales.

The silence was thick once more, only to be broken by the sound of crimped paper. Those fingers of the Dark Lord’s were caressing the Prophet crucially.

“How will Potter hold up in Azkaban?” Severus was unsure where to go with this. Either Voldemort was happy she was in the rotten cell, or wary with the mystery where his Horcrux is.

“Don’t worry, My Lord. She won’t last a day without her mind snapping. The dementors affect her too much.” Apparently *that* was the wrong thing to say.

The Dark Lord’s serpent jerked and hissed unpromisingly toward him, slithering around her master’s shoulders. And the wizard in turn stood up, towering menacing above Snape. Those actions confused the Potion’s master whether he wanted them to or not. Shouldn’t Voldemort be happy?

His eyes widened slightly. “Of course, Master. Forgive me. You want her mind sane in order to find the Horcrux. How foolish of me.” He was begging like a dog for forgiveness, he knew. But he’d rather sink low than to face that magic swirling around Voldemort like it was now.

Black eyes watched as the Dark Lord froze and then sat down once again, as if Snape’s statement surprised him. “Yes. That’s correct Severus.” It was almost if he forgot about the Horcrux...but that was impossible.

“Severus, I have a mission I want you to accomplish for me as soon as possible...”

--TMRAQP--

He hated Azkaban, almost as much as he hated Dumbledore. For the short period he was here in his younger years, he had almost gone crazy. The dementors were passing by each perimeter of the prison, and screams from prisoners pierced his ears as he passed.

“What do you want?” A short man with Auror robes approached him angrily and looked around him. “You’re not supposed to be here. You-Know-Who promised-,”

“Shut your mouth.” Snape sneered. He didn’t like the little man, and yet, Voldemort informed him this Auror was the only one he needed at the moment. Beetle eyes looked around him too, and lifted the sleeve to his dark mark.

“You owe him one free prisoner for your life.” It was true. Voldemort spared this man’s life, in return of a favor in the near future...it seemed the Dark Lord was collecting it at this moment.

The Auror’s face paled and he slumped his shoulders. “Who? Malfoy? Greyback? Or maybe Dolohov?”

Snape sneered deeply and clucked his tongue. “Don’t take that tone with me. The Dark Lord knows you have a three year old son he will gladly kill.” He enjoyed watching the man sweat...it was deliciously amusing.

“Fine, but we must do this quick. Which prisoner?” A dementor passed and Severus tensed slightly as memories hit him.

“Potter.” The Auror gave a nod, as if expecting this and swept away. Snape followed at a distance and thanked Merlin for selfish wizards in the world. If it weren’t for them, no one would be able to blackmail. And blackmailing was just too much fun.

There were a few Auror’s spread around Azkaban, but not enough to take notice of Snape’s presence. It was mostly guarded by the soul-sucking creatures.

He barley glanced in the other prisoners directions, disgusted at what he saw. He passed by Lestrangle’s cell and ignored his call of distress and pleading. No one would break out today, save for Potter.

"She's bad off." The voice was oddly quiet and Snape turned his attention on the Auror.

"Excuse me?" This had better not turn into a chat filled adventure. He despised idle chit-chat.

"Potter. She's broken." Snape paled and hurried his pace, forcing the man beside him to go faster. If that were true, Voldemort wouldn't be too happy.

"She was just admitted earlier this morning. That's impossible." The Auror gave another shrug and stopped at the cell towards the end of the aisle. He still hadn't laid eyes on her... some small part of him wanted to turn away and close his eyes.

"Potter." His long hands wrapped around the bars and peered in. Mentally he reared back.

She was there. In the corner, rocking back and forth with a crazed smile on her face. That ridiculous mass of curly hair was shaved clean making her eyes appear too large for her face. Her grey robe was off her shoulder, contrasting against her awfully small body.

A childish hum filled the cell that sent shivers down his spine.

This was impossible.

A/n: Alright. I know this wasnt my best chapter, I just had to get Voldemort's reaction off my chest... well, it wasnt really his reaction- but it was. Or was it? Anyway. Sorry for the chapter, I hope to get a better one out again this weekend. I have a good ending for this.

Chapter 20: Fade

"For far too long we have been hiding like the common criminals." The room was thick with silence, hoping to drown in every word the Lord was saying. "We are not common criminals; we are the superior race to the wizarding world."

Multiple masked wizards cheered at the statement, believing it true, hoping their Lord wouldn't punish them for acting out of line. Instead, the hooded figure spread his arms and basked in their excitement. After this, many more cheered, getting high off Voldemort's power.

"My dear followers, we are smart, powerful, cunning, and better than muggles and muggleborns alike. Many purebloods are diluted with the notion muggles can have a place in our world." Disproval from the crowd spread like wildfire and a lipless smile formed on the Dark Lord's face. "We have taken actions that caused fear in many souls, but no more."

There was an abrupt silence, eyes were uncertain as to where the Dark Lord was going. "Rape, torture, raids... there is absolutely no reason for these any longer."

Red eyes watched carefully at their actions, and registered exactly *who* made any move of disagreement. The Death Eaters had split reactions, some of the older Death Eaters perked up at this in a hopeful gesture, while some of the younger voiced their disagreement.

A white hand motioned lazily toward Rivaland, an older and more loyal Death Eater, who struck each disagreeing wizard down with an Avada Kedavra. Immediately the crowd silenced, looking at the six dead bodies amongst them.

"I have no patience for Death Eater's rebelling against me. We are sane wizards now. Rape is a common act among muggle criminal's who sink lowly in society. We are not part of that." Eyes beneath silver masks watched as their Lord paced slowly back and forth, drawing the magic in the room as he went.

“Slowly we will reach our grasp across the wizarding world. Recruiters will recruit powerful and respected wizards or witches in our society. If they refuse, don’t kill them. Over time you will convince them on our ways, and they will step over to the rightful side.” Nods of agreement waved through the small number of Death Eater’s, some were looking more excited as each word left the powerful figure’s mouth.

“Raids on muggles are no longer. Our goal is to separate this world from theirs. It is best if we cut the world in two as much as possible. By going on raids, we attract their attention. That doesn’t mean we cant kill a selected few with well thought out plans.”

The adrenaline going through the Death Eater’s was shocking. They could barely control not pouncing on their Lord’s side and kissing the ground he walked upon.

“In time we will accomplish our goals. No muggle’s will reach the wizarding world, muggleborns will be taken from muggle homes and their guardians obliterated. The pureblood race will become larger and superior. Together we can bring back the old traditions our father’s before us followed.”

His voice was alluring and the lung’s of the listeners halted, in case they missed something. Each step the Dark Lord took drew their attention and on the border line, obsession.

“Together.” His voice rose, as did the spectator’s attention. “We will be on top.”

One by one the Death Eater’s knelt and bowed their head’s down to the floor. No one missed the body of Bellatrix Lestrange, instead, their thoughts were centered on the future that finally looked bright.

And their goals *would* be reached. Slowly, but surely.

--TMRAQP--

Severus huddled the figure closer, hopping to avoid the Dark Lord’s notice any time soon. He hadn’t had the chance to study Alexandra Potter yet, and he was sure he wouldn’t like what he saw.

The Auror had pushed him out of Azkaban with a spitting curse, nothing Snape hadn't heard before. And all this time, she hadn't stopped humming the ridiculous tune.

He made his way over to the medical bay in the Dark Lord's underground manor. By the sounds of it, he was having a Death Eater meeting and probably wouldn't be searching for Severus anytime soon. The powerful Lord always stayed and basked in his followers.

Walking through the door, he slammed it shut behind him with his unoccupied foot. The body in his arms didn't weigh a thing, but that didn't surprise him in the least. Her muggle family weren't exactly the best of guardians.

He set her down on the sterile bed, and moved away the hood to his cloak on her face. Beetle eyes studied her closer, sneering at what he saw.

Her head, bald, was the first thing he took care of. The Ministry shaved the prisoner's heads before they threw them in, nothing but humiliation served its purpose. His stride's were hurriedly as he swept over to the cupboard and took out a hair lengthening potion. Best hurry before the Dark Lord could even notice his presence.

Too late.

The door opened and in stepped the Dark Lord. Severus was surprised to see the emerald magic around him brightening with every moment. He didn't know, nor want to know, why this change came about with the man. Curiosity killed the serpent.

"Severus." The tone was dangerous and those crimson eyes locked with the frail and shivering form of Potter.

Unfortunately, Potter to that moment to burst out a giggle which left Snape standing uncomfortably next to her bedside. He knew his expression must resemble a flobberworm caught in the line of a descending foot, but it was the only thing that showed through with his fear of what that magic would do to him.

"It's only been a day." His dangerous tone disappeared, only to be unreadable, yet Snape could detect a small emotion...almost like, grief?

Severus straightened up and turned his back on the Dark Lord, while he tried to force the potion past her clamped lips. His eyes noticed how dry they were, and the blood that seemed to seep past them from inside her mouth.

He gave an inward sigh as he turned toward a needle. It would seem he would have to inject the potions through her bloodstream. It didn't really help the victim if you flung spells in their directions, especially when they were on the brink of losing their mind.

"It has been a day, My Lord. It's impossible to have someone's mind snap in that little of time." He paused and watched in satisfaction as the hair upon her head started to seep out black, glossy curls.

Even if her thick hair was down to her elbows now, it still didn't take away the pale face, dull, insane eyes, or the shaking body. Before he knelt to inspect her mind, he noticed the Dark Lord was standing at a distance away near the door. "Don't worry, My Lord. We will get the information on where she hid the Horcrux."

A growl sounded in the man's throat and Severus paused in his task. "Don't tear her mind, Severus. I want her sane, not even more broken than before." He was unsure what his master wanted, but complied.

His eyes met her crazy filled green ones, and dived in her mind. But he hit a solid wall straight on.

--

"Severus, your fine, get up." He blinked and looked up. He was sprawled on the floor, looking up at the hooded figure of Voldemort.

He had a headache, more like a migraine, but he held his tongue. "She's defiantly not insane, my Lord." His head was turned away, so he didn't see the shoulders sag in relief.

“Oh?” Briefly, Snape wondered why the Dark Lord wasn’t entering her mind at all. He would’ve thought the man would tear a hole straight through that wall of hers.

Standing up as gracefully as he could, he looked over at the laughing figure on the bed. “It seems she has been practicing Occlumency over the summer, My Lord.” His eyes caught a shadow of a smile playing the man’s lips and shivered. He didn’t want to know. “She’s blocking her mind, and it seems she’s stuck inside it. Her insanity is buried and she has no will to push back out. Usually insane victim’s have blank minds-,”

“I’m well aware of that, Severus. Thank you.” The Dark Lord took a step closer to the bed, but stopped again, unwilling to get within reach of her. “We will wait with patience. Her mind will register the fact she’s not in danger anymore. In turn her mind will slowly come back to reality.” A pause and the shoulders turned stiff and his voice seemed clipped. “And then we will find my Horcrux.”

He turned his gaze away from Potter and headed to the door. “Fix her up, Severus. I will be heading out for recruiting for the next few weeks. When I return, I hope to find her...sane.”

Without another word or glance backwards, he left. It was a shame he had no knowledge those green eyes were watching his retreat with sane thoughts and emotions. If he had known this, perhaps he would’ve altered his words.

Severus gave an outward sigh this time and gathered as many nutrient potions he could get his hands on. The best course of action was to make Potter feel as if she can come out of her closed mind in comfort.

“For your best interest, Potter, I hope you make the right decision and come out of your pity shell. Otherwise the Dark Lord will not be happy.”

Those cracked lips split in a goofy smile and she gave another giggle. But those eyes weren’t as crazed as they let on...

--TMRAQP--

She should've known. She was a fool. How could she honestly expect the most powerful Dark Lord to return those feelings he had so long ago that he didn't even remember? Those crimson eyes weren't turquoise and that snake-like face wasn't morphed into those handsome features she loved so much.

Tom Riddle was dead. In his place was Lord Voldemort. The man without emotion.

She couldn't help the tear's that slid down her face. The room she was in was only lit by a single candle which was going to go out in moments from now. Snape was out with his Lord, who was due to come back later tonight. As far as her old potion's master was concerned, she was still insane.

A bitter smile lifted her sore lips. She was never insane. She just protected herself against the dementors in Azkaban, and kept up with the act when she was brought here.

Her legs were against her chest with her thin arms wrapped securely around them. Her body was rocking back and forth, humming the same tune she had since that day in Azkaban. It was the song her and Tom danced to at the Christmas Ball.

She had thrown away her whole life for a Dark Lord. Her friends, her family, her future.... all for him. Some part of her knew this would happen, yet she kept on protecting him, in hopes he would still bear apart of Tom Riddle with him.

"...Her mind will register the fact she's not in danger anymore. In turn her mind will slowly come back to reality. And then we will find my Horcrux."

Those words were the only thing he had said to her. And it was the only thing he was worried about. His Horcrux. That's what everything was about. She had stayed here for a week, hoping with all the hope she had left, that he would visit her late at night, or perhaps remember her once more.

But he never did.

She had no where to go. No one to turn to, but she did have an extra plan. And it was held off until tonight when the Dark Lord made no move to convince her to stay. Tonight, she would leave this world.

A large lump was swallowed and she stood up shakily. Snape wouldn't return tonight, nor would any other Death Eater.

She fought off the dizziness and grasped the bed post with both hands. It would take awhile for her to get used to this, which meant she had better hurry before the Dark Lord came back.

But before she turned to the door, she opened her broken mouth. The tissue was ripped from her lips as she spread them apart as far as she could. Her heavy tongue lifted and she dug beneath the muscle to rip out the cold, metallic ring. Blood filled her throat and her mouth, but she ignored it.

Bringing out the ring, or Horcrux, blood dripped from her fingers and on to the floor. With shaking fingers she set it neatly on the white pillow, staining it with crimson.

Even if her heart was no longer there, she would never be able to betray him. After all, she had gone to Azkaban for him, what was the point of erasing her sacrifice in returning it to the old fool Dumbledore?

"I love you, Tom Riddle. For now and forever." Her bare feet hit the cold floor as she exited the room.

Never once did she look back and the single candle flickered out.

--TMRAQP--

A dark cloaked figure gracefully made his way down the dark corridors. Every once and awhile he passed one of his followers and enjoyed the submission he received from their greetings.

A skeleton hand shot out and opened the door to the darker room. He illuminated the room with a simple wave of his hand and met eyes with an empty bed. But he did spot something.

Blood smeared on the pillow case, and settling in it was a glittering ring. He quickly made his way over and sat upon the bed. Grabbing the ring, he studied it in his open palm. Emotions ran haywire within him and he had trouble grasping what he really felt when he held onto the Horcrux.

He didn't know how long he sat there.

Maybe seconds, maybe hours.

He closed his palm and clutched the ring tight. Raising his head, he looked blankly at the wall across from him.

Opening his mouth in a silent scream, he snapped it shut once more. A small smile graced his lipless mouth. "It's for the best, my love."

The End

Please- save your bad mouth comments until you've read the Epilogue.

Epilogue: Selfish Feelings Can Love Too

They say feelings numb over time. If it wasn't true love, you will be able to move on and mend your future. Well, she knew that it was true love- and she would never be able to get that sharp ache in her heart to leave her.

It's been three years now. A long three years since her closure to the wizarding world. Once she stepped foot out of his manor, she fled to the muggle world and cut herself fully from the world she once called home.

Sure, it was cowardly of her to run. But it was her only option. She never thought she could know true love, but she was proved wrong. She had loved someone so much, she would rather suffer for eternity rather than to seem him suffer at all.

If she returned to the light side that day, she would be killed or turned back in Azkaban. Or she would have to fight against *him*. If she stayed with Voldemort that night, she would be living painfully...he would always remind her of Tom. Something that was taken away from her so brutally, would be staring at her right in the face each and every day. Except, the man she loved would be hiding behind the monster, desperately trying to gain dominance.

And yet, she was living painfully everyday here in the muggle world. It was a lonely existence either way. And again, she was too cowardly to kill herself- to end it all.

Instead, she was Savannah Hershey, a twenty year old attending school in Oxford University. It was risky to live so close to Hogwarts and the wizarding world, but so far she hadn't even noticed any odd phenomena's happening here. Voldemort wouldn't come looking for her since he had gained his Horcrux, and Dumbledore was too busy with pulling strings with other puppets he had in his possession.

Everyday, she cleared her thoughts on her past, and instead looked to the future. At the moment she was studying in the medical field to become a doctor. What could she say? She had a thing for saving people.

She had a boyfriend. Something that surprised her the most. Until she realized she had no feelings for him, she was only using him to numb the pain...an action that made her feel guilty. He was an ok guy, someone who was uncertain with his future, living everyday as if it were a pain. That's what they had in common though, they both hated living.

Sighing, she pulled up the strap of her carrying bag and made her way over to her dorm. Ryan would be there, hoping to get her to himself finally. But she saw no desire to sleep with him. It was disturbing really, that she couldn't even touch another man when *he* and her never...slept together before.

What was holding her back?

"Savannah." She gave a half-hearted to the girl wave and continued up the concrete steps. The cold wind tugged at the black curls she had in a low pony. It looked if a storm was coming...

She dug in her key and slid it into the lock to her room. As she opened it, her kitten came running up to greet her. Yes, no cats allowed or other animals, but what was the big idea? It was just a kitten.

After scratching the cat underneath the chin, she threw her bag on the floor. When her head turned she caught the sight of Ryan lying sprawled eagle on the floor. For a moment she thought him to be sleeping, until she saw his blue eyes looking at the ceiling blankly.

No.

How had they found her? Was it the Ministry? Dumbledore? Death Eaters? Voldemort?

"I killed him, but I was somewhat surprised that I buried him." A voice whispered to her right and she whipped her head around to see the last person she expected sitting on her beat down sofa.

Tom Riddle.

Her heart stopped and she put a hand around her throat in a defensive reflex. He was there, in body and mind...and young. His robes were hanging off him charmingly and his features looked relaxed. His age was arguable perhaps in his late twenties or early thirties.

Still that thick black hair, high cheekbones, but his gorgeous eyes were crimson still. And that's when she slapped herself. It was still Lord Voldemort. Here to kill her.

"Excuse me?" She stood up from her crouched position and stood awkwardly. She would face death straight backed like her father had.

"Dumbledore. I killed him. You would imagine I would rip him to shreds and his body would be unrecognizable after I was through with him." Her breath caught in her throat. One part of her was happy Dumbledore was dead, and the other one was wary. If he was dead, what about the rest of the wizarding world?

"And I buried him. With a tombstone and everything." Her eyes swiveled back to his with a confused expression.

"Why are you telling me this?" Green eyes watched as a lazy hand swirled through the air.

"Wouldn't you think that, Alex? I would rip him to shreds and eat him? Don't you think it's surprising I buried him?" Without waiting for her to respond, he continued. His eyes were locked on hers the whole time.

"I guess I buried him because he also did a favor for me. He gave me something in life I couldn't live without. Although his motives were selfish, he gave me something I desire too much to forget."

So many things were swirling in her mind at the moment; she could only stand with her mouth slightly open, listening to him carry on a one sided conversation.

"I'm a selfish man, Alex. I always get what I want and I will do anything in means to get it." His eyes swept to Ryan's limp form back to hers. "That day you left me, three years ago, I was selfish by letting you walk away. I didn't want you to die; I didn't want you to fight in the

war that would be blooming. I wanted you to live safely. And that was granted.

"I'm also selfish, because I came here out of my own pleasure. I should've stayed away from you, I should've let you live without me. But alas, I came here to gather my consort." With that he stood up and Alex took a step back in shock.

"Y-you remember me? H-," She couldn't finish it, maybe she was afraid he didn't remember.

A small smile lit his face as he took a step closer. "I experimented with different potion's and spells back then. I thought I failed in every attempt I made, but I did succeed. It was a potion I inhaled that stored away the memories in a black hole until I laid eyes on you when you returned from my time. It all came flooding back to me when I saw you were imprisoned in Azkaban."

Voldemort frowned and stopped advancing. "When the memories came back, so did the emotions. I had lived so long without my emotions, Alex. How do you think I felt when they came to me all at once? I was confused and uncertain. I had no idea how to act around you when I saw you lying in that bed. And that night...when I held the ring, I knew I *loved* you."

She shook her head, trying to wake from this...this nightmare. "You can't expect me to just- just drop everything when you haven't made one effort to contact me for three years. How can you expect me to believe your back to Tom Riddle?" Fury was rising within her, and the past year's loneliness vanished.

"But I'm not back to Tom Riddle, Alex. I will always be Voldemort now. After what I did in my past after you left-," He gave a bitter smile and shook his head. "I didn't want to turn out like that, remember? I claimed you saved me from that future, but then you left and with that my memories. I was changed then. I turned from Tom Riddle to Lord Voldemort. I slaughter hundreds, and betrayed so many. And then, you came back and so did my memories."

Voldemort came forward again, and Alex stepped back. "Once I received my memories, I changed again-for the better this time. You

should see the wizarding world now, Alex. Its how I've always dreamed it would be. Purebloods and muggleborns stronger than before, no muggle contact for now one. Things are organized and people actually look up to me now. Sure, they are still scared, but with time they will come to realize I have saved the wizarding world." His red eyes were sparked with excitement and passion, Alex was brought back in time when blue eyes had done the same thing.

"Now, the only thing I need is *you*. I've watched you for three years, Alex. I've thought about you for three years. You've done me so much, now it's my turn to do the same. It was my duty to fix the world I destructed, this whole time I was fixing the damage I inflicted upon your world." He spread his arms wide and gave a goofy smile. "I rebuilt the wizarding world for you, Alex. You'll love it there. A powerful witch like yourself doesn't belong in the muggle world."

She stood shocked at the same spot above her dead boyfriend. He did change. She should be wary of this, but he remembered her. She could see it in his eyes, they were full of emotion.

A small smile lit her face as she shook her head. "This is unbelievable, Tom."

His smile faded and he gave a nod. "I agree. If the positions were reversed, I wouldn't believe me." He was barely an arm distance away now, and he was studying her obsessively.

"I want to thank you, for giving me yet another chance." He held up his hand and on it settled his Gaunt ring. But it didn't shine like it had before. "If you had given this to Dumbledore, I wouldn't be here-confessing my feelings like some muggle romance novel. I used the ring Alex, and in return I transferred the soul into me. I was mortal when I fought in the war." He gave a crooked grin. "I wasn't afraid of death."

He approached closer, and this time she didn't step back. She was held captive by the sparkle in his eyes, the emotion his aura screamed.

Tom Riddle was back. This was him. And there were happy endings in life.

“And Ryan? Why did you kill him?” She didn’t really care, even if it was sad her anchor was now in a better place.

Voldemort scoffed and closed the distance between them. “You know-, I never liked other men touching you.” She was slammed into the wall and his lips devoured hers possessively. His hands clutched her body close to his and his nails scratched down her back as he guided her into the bedroom down the hall.

He was kissing her in desperation, almost afraid she would disappear once again. But they both knew they weren’t going anywhere anytime soon without each other.

The End

Thanks again for all of you who've stuck by me. I have to admit, this was my first ever ending to a story. And, it wasn't my favorite fic I've written. I could've done a lot of things better **i.e.** make it better all together, make Tom a little more dark, make the 1944's more in the 40's, have more reactions at the end... but, I can also say that I did like my first completed story. I love Tom and Harry, but I felt I could do a spin off with a female version. A lot of people won't read it because of that, but oh well.

Thanks again. And if you review, perhaps I can reply with some inside information about Alex and Tom's future (their kids-if they have any that is.) :D I know a lot of you didnt like the ending- so be it. You all know that I would've kept blabbing on and on. Plus, some of you dont like cheesy material. I know it's slightly cheesy (but again, I liked how I ended things.)

See some of you later with my other stories. Once I'm done with two more, I'm going to start one of my last pieces of fan fiction. I have a feeling it's going to be good!

Character's Future:

Godiva Ramsey: Mated with her sire (the one who turned her) He came back for her during her 6th year. A little after Alex left. She still kept her altered look- a little confused when she woke up, but still kept her self-confidence Alex packed in her. She died thirty year later by a silver bullet.

Grover Harrison: One of Voldemort's first victims.

Pipa Harrison and Addison Clayborne: Married, had a daughter who eventually married a man, last name of Lovegood. Both Pipa and Addison were brutally killed by Voldemort's raids.

Unity Clifton: Married a man (no importance) still living.

Taylor Lester: Married Blake Longbottom, had a son, Frank. Both killed.

Brinley Rusti: Died during childbirth- giving birth to a bastard child.

Chavi Saffron: Cleaned up her ways, later married a man, last name Chang. Had a son- who in turn had a daughter, Cho Chang.

Brenda Marigold: Got fucked by Tom Riddle plenty, and then murdered by Voldemort as he rose to power.

Ron and Hermione: Lived to see Voldemort's and Alex's rise. Never supported their relationship, but accepted Alex's choice. They remained tight friends. Later, Ron and Hermione married and had a set of twins.

Severus Snape: Became good 'friends' with Alex. Voldemort's right hand man.

Remus Lupin and Tonks: Lived, married, had cute little cubs.

Last, but not least, **Tom Riddle and Alexandra Potter (Riddle).** For a while, Tom refused to have a child. He was selfish and kept Alex's whole attention on him. Later, Alex (being Alex) threatened Tom by

sleeping with Snape and having his child. Voldemort readily agreed that he would conceive a child with Alex.

They had one child. A petite little boy, curly black hair and turquoise eyes. Very spoiled by Tom and Alex.

A/n: *Just thought you guys would want to know what happened. I know some of you want a squeal, but I don't think I will be writing one. There is room for one, and I'll think on it. Don't get your hopes up.*